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A NEVADA SILVER MINE—CHANGING THE SHIFT.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page engraving of the Battle of Taghir, a picture of the fight between the Peruvian iron-clad "Huascar" and the British ships "Shah" and "Amethyst," and a variety of entertaining reading matter.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

THERE is a great deal of very just contempt expressed for the platforms of party Conventions, but they have, nevertheless, a great deal of significance. There are always two or three points of public interest, the treatment of which by a platform shows the current of public feeling. And that is the sole value of a platform. Thus when the Ohio Republican Convention met the other day, there were two subjects upon which its expressions were awaited with general interest—the course of the Administration, and the national finances. Would the Convention sustain the President? and would it demand the repeal of the Resumption Act and the remonetization of silver? The first of these questions it answered satisfactorily; the second it tried unsuccessfully to dodge. It is the fate of Conventions that their utmost cunning conceals nothing. Whether they speak, or shirk, or are silent, they equally express themselves. The Iowa Convention, by carefully avoiding to mention the President, and by emphatically affirming certain things which he is erroneously said to have disregarded, pronounced against him, and made Republican success just so much harder. We say that it pronounced against him, because it is the universal practice for a Convention of the dominant party to approve its own Administration, and to omit the approval is to show a consciousness of a division of feeling so deep as practically to destroy the unity of the party.

It was urged before the meeting of the Ohio Convention that the part of wisdom was to accept the difference of feeling in regard to the Administration, and to agree to say nothing. It would have been the merest folly. If the Convention had said nothing of the President, the inevitable inference would have been that the party did not accept nor approve his course. That would have been a loud proclamation that a pacific policy in the Southern States and a reform of the civil service were not measures of the Republican party, but whims of the President. The whole moral advantage of the situation would have been lost, and the country would have been duly warned that if the Republicans should continue in power they would take care to select an Executive who would undo all the mischief wrought by the present Administration. The policy of silence, under existing circumstances, is suicidal, and the Ohio Convention saw it plainly, and declared for the President in the most unqualified manner. It did not profess faith in his "sincerity" and "honesty," which may be said of well-meaning fools, but it affirmed "unfaltering confidence" in him as a statesman, that is, as a practical politician; and it cordially approved and supported his action in the Southern States and in the reformation of the civil service. In doing this the Convention absolutely identified the Republican party of Ohio with the President and his course. It deprived opponents in that State of the right of saying that the policy of the President is not that of the party. It authorized every orator and newspaper to declare that the measures of the Administration, which have commanded the approval of good men in all parties and in every part of the country, are Republican measures. In doing this the Convention has nobly seconded the patriotic action of the President in showing to the intelligent citizens of the Southern States that the sentiment of the great party of "the North," while unswervingly loyal to justice, equal rights, and the Union, is not hostile or jealous or suspicious toward "the South," and that the President really represents the controlling spirit of the Republican party. Is it nothing that on the day after the Ohio Republicans had thus approved the course of the President, Senator LAMAR warmly commended it before the Mississippi Democratic Convention?

The other chief point of interest was the financial declaration. The Ohio Republican resolution upon this subject is not frank. It shows a consciousness that there is a strong feeling in favor of unqualified remonetization of silver, which is simply a form of repudiation, and it panders to that feeling. It does no more, however, whether it meant to do more or not. For in demanding the remonetization of silver, "with coinage and valuation so regulated that our people shall not be placed at a disadvantage in our trade with foreign nations," it discarded the old silver dollar. This financial juggling, however, is a losing game for Republicans. The Ohio Democrats had already declared, without reservation, for the immediate repeal of the Resumption Act, for the unqualified remonetization of silver, for the retention of the whole volume of greenbacks, and against contraction. That is to say, the Ohio Democrats demand a violation of the solemn pledge of the public faith, and a repudiation of a considerable percentage of private debts. Every body who wishes to beat about the bush in this matter will see that his purposes can most effectually be accomplished by supporting the Democratic party. There is no half-way house, and the fault of the Republicans is that they tried to persuade some hesitating souls that there is, while it is evident that they themselves know there is not. The labor plank of the Republican platform was suggested by the strikes. It proposes a national Bureau of Industry, and national legislation to "secure fair returns for capital invested and fair wages to employés," with other good things, and "statutory arbitrations" to adjust controversies between employers and employés. That is, we suppose, if a farmer has a difference with his hands, the national government is to settle it. As an expression of sympathy with those who suffer from the prostration of industry, this is well enough; but as a grave declaration by a great political party, it is certainly hasty and ill-considered. If Congress is to "exert its authority......by prescribing and enforcing such reasonable regulations as will tend to ......secure......fair wages to employés," we shall insist that the good service shall not be confined to railroads. It is remarkable that the platforms of the two Conventions in Ohio are confined to declarations upon national topics exclusively, except that the Democrats condemn a State registry law. So far as the platforms are concerned, there can be no reason for supporting the Democratic party in Ohio, except a wish to postpone specie payments indefinitely and to swindle creditors a little.

ORISKANY.

THIS month of August is full of interest and pride for the State of New York, for just a hundred years ago was the great struggle of the Revolution for the possession and control of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys, and the total separation of New England from the other colonies, and just a hundred years ago in October the struggle ended in the American victory. The celebration at Kingston on the 30th of July of the inauguration of the first Governor of the State, who came from his camp to take the oath of office, and then returned to the field, was the first of these inspiring anniversaries. The second was that of the battle of Oriskany, on the 6th of August. The third will be that of Bennington, on the 16th of August, and the last and greatest that of "the crowning mercy" of Saratoga, on the 17th of October. Of the three battles, that of Oriskany is the least known, and even in New York, except in the region immediately interested, it is not as familiar as many a Revolutionary field elsewhere of much less significance to its own neighborhood. This fault of knowledge will henceforth be remedied. The centennial celebrations of these years will teach us the proportion and perspective of the Revolution. They will show us the real importance and proper relation of the famous events, and reveal not only the valor, which we know, but the military skill of our fathers.

A very valuable contribution to this work is the address of ELLIS H. ROBERTS at the centennial celebration of the battle of Oriskany. It is a copious, careful, and admirable study of the general situation and the details of the special event, and must be regarded as a chapter of Revolutionary history hitherto inadequately written. Himself a conspicuous and honored citizen of the Mohawk Valley, Mr. ROBERTS kindles into generous eloquence as he contemplates its heroes and their deeds of glory, and he is not ashamed to remember Platæa and Lepanto, Thermopylæ and Waterloo, as he stands by the Oriskany and recalls HERKIMER and his men. The battle was one of the decisive incidents in the BURGOYNE campaign. BURGOYNE left Montreal in June, and in July he reached the Hudson. Fort Stanwix, or Schuyler, in the Mohawk Valley, near the site of the city of Rome, was occupied by Colonel GANSEVOORT and Lieutenant-Colonel MARINUS WILLETT, of New York, and a garrison of seven hundred and fifty men. The British general, ST. LEGER, arrived before it on the 2d of August with a picked and trained army, attended by Indians, Tories, and Canadians—a force of seventeen hundred fighting men. On the 4th of August the investiture was complete; on the 5th, the siege began vigorously. On the 6th, the battle of Oriskany was fought.

ST. LEGER'S approach was known through the valley, and the people were on the alert. NICHOLAS HERKIMER was the chairman of the Committee of Safety of the county. On the 17th of July he had warned every male person between sixteen and sixty to be ready to march. On the 30th, he summoned them to assemble at Fort Dayton. They came from farms and clearings to the number of eight hundred, mostly of German blood. HERKIMER commanded, and they set forward on the 4th of August, crossing the Mohawk at the point on which Utica now stands. On the 5th, they were at Whitestown. HERKIMER had arranged with GANSEVOORT to move when a signal of three cannon-shots announced that a co-operating body had sallied from the fort. But no signal was heard, and some of the men were impatient, and wondered audibly if HERKIMER were a coward. Stung by the false reproach, he gave the word to move. Warned of an ambuscade, he was yet too proudly careless to heed it. "Eagerly pressing on in the warm morning, his little band stretched out half a mile through a wooded ravine, the van a hundred rods beyond one end, and the rear as far beyond the other. It was BRADDOCK at Fort Duquesne, and here, as there, the woods above the straggling line suddenly blazed and roared, and the patriots were enveloped in a storm of death. The fight was desperate. "Nerve and brawn and muscle were the price of life." HERKIMER, early wounded, sat under a tree, with his face to the enemy, calmly smoking a pipe and directing the battle. In the stress of the fight, as at HANNIBAL'S Thrasimene an earthquake reeled unheededly away, so at Oriskany a fierce thunder-storm flashed and poured over the field. Sir JOHN JOHNSON'S Tories came up to aid the British, and presently Colonel WILLETT'S patriots from the fort fell upon the British camps and succored the Americans. For five hours the battle raged with frightful slaughter. The British fell back, and HERKIMER held the ground; but of his eight hundred, six hundred had disappeared, and among them the heads of the patriot organization in the valley. HERKIMER himself died of his wounds on the day of the Bennington battle, ten days later. "In no other battle of the Revolution did the ratio of deaths rise so high." But WILLETT had captured five British flags, which were displayed from the fort, hanging beneath the Stars and Stripes, the new flag of the united colonies, which, hastily wrought of strips of cloaks and shirts, was first raised at Fort Stanwix, or Schuyler, in victory over British colors. When General SCHUYLER, at Albany, heard of the battle, on the 8th, he called for volunteers to march to the relief. BENEDICT ARNOLD promptly offered to lead, and on the 24th of August arrived at Fort Stanwix with eight hundred men, chiefly of General LARNED'S Massachusetts brigade. But two days before, on the 22d, ST. LEGER had fled in utter disorder and dismay, and the object of his expedition was totally frustrated.

This was the battle of Oriskany, which struck BURGOYNE'S extreme right, in preventing the junction of ST. LEGER, as ten days afterward the battle of Bennington shattered his left wing. So important, indeed, was ST. LEGER'S expedition thought to be, that STEDMAN says that the British movement upon Bennington was intended not only to obtain supplies, but to make a diversion in aid of General ST. LEGER. It was a day properly celebrated by the whole region, in which the story is one of the proud traditions of the great days of the Revolution. How great they were is known only to those who see clearly what ex-Governor SEYMOUR points out in his letter to the Kingston committee—that the question was as much civil as military. The fathers were to "save society" and organize a new government in the very crisis of the struggle to throw off the old. The great throng of people at the celebration shows that Central New York is mindful of its glorious traditions.

OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THE favorite argument of those who defend the old system of the civil service is that the service must depend upon a series of responsible agents, and that the head of a department is the properly responsible officer. This argument we have recently seen urged in the Boston *Traveller*, and in itself it is a good argument. Indeed, the theory of the old system is correct, for it is simply this, that the head of a department—say, the Treasury—being an honest and capable man solely bent upon an efficient service, is to select only honest and capable subordinates, and not to suffer his appointment or retention of them to be affected by illicit considerations. As a matter of fact, however, it is absolutely impossible for the Secretary to know personally the fitness of the applicants, and the question then is, how he shall most wisely inform himself. To say that because he is responsible, he must depend upon the interested representations of a party politician, is nonsense. That may be the best way that can be devised, but certainly not for any such reason. It is also often said, solemnly, that all the reform that is necessary is to put proper men in office, and keep them there while they faithfully discharge their duty. The amusement is that this truth is vociferously affirmed by those who sneer at any attempt to put the principle into practice, and who make the assertion as a defense of the old system. For instance, it would be said that such an officer as the Collector of New York ought to have the nomination of all the subordinates in the Custom-house because he is the responsible head, and that he ought to nominate only proper persons. Is this supposed to be an argument, or a statement of fact? The fact is that, under the law, the Collector does have the nomination, and the further fact is, according to evidence, that proper persons are not appointed. The Surveyor of the port of New York said, in his testimony before the JAY investigating committee:

"With reference to the appointments that are made, *we do not always know the men we are getting*, especially when they are appointed from the western part of this State, or from the State of Iowa, as is the case sometimes. A member of Congress may recommend a man very strongly, *and the Collector may finally make the appointment without knowing any thing about the man.*"

Question. "So that really the very important duty of the government is intrusted to men you know nothing about when they come?"

Answer. "Sometimes, yes, Sir."

The Collector is undoubtedly responsible, and theoretically, therefore, he will appoint proper officers. But he does not, and all other appointing officers do not. There is an enormous abuse, and the correction of it is the reform of the civil service. What is the use of repeating as an argument against it that the head must be responsible, and therefore, etc., etc.?

The principle of responsibility is sound, and any good system of the service will leave a large discretion of removal, having provided against the temptations to its illicit exercise. But in the actual situation the question is, What is the reason that, although the head is responsible, evidence shows that unfit agents are still appointed? The reason is, as every inquirer knows, that the appointing officer renounces his individual responsibility for the supposed benefit of a party. He consults political considerations in making appointments, and not considerations of the service. The first step of reform, therefore, is to destroy the influence that annuls his responsibility, and this can be done effectually only by the exclusion of political considerations. Now the only practicable method yet suggested for excluding such considerations is competitive inquiry; and however "the machine" may sneer, this method works so well in England that the Prime Minister, upon the suspicion of having recurred to the old system of patronage or jobbery, was recently censured by a House of his own party. The English are quite as practical as we, and understand politics and parties quite as well; and their successful practice constantly, from month to month and from day to day, disproves the theory of the American spoils system.

Now the President is doing all that the Constitution and the laws authorize him to do to restore the unfettered responsibility of the appointing officers. The law requires, for instance, that a Collector shall be confirmed by the Senate. The appointment is, therefore, not within the President's sole discretion. But removal is. The first Congress decided that he has the exclusive power to remove. President HAYES, on behalf of the soundest sentiment of the country, wishes to deprive the civil service of the taint of political jobbery. He says, therefore, to the appointing officers who are nominated by him: "You have great power of appointment to minor places. The temptation to use that power illicitly, if you un-

dertake the active control of caucuses and conventions, is proved to be irresistible, and constantly degrades and corrupts politics and the national character. The public welfare requires that the abuse should be stopped, and I shall therefore promptly remove any chief or subordinate who takes part in it." This does not, indeed, provide a method of appointment by competitive inquiry, for that requires appropriations and honest co-operation. But it does much to restore the responsibility of the appointing officers by warning them that political jobbery will be punished by removal. Naturally, in his own appointment of such officers, the President will seek those who are less conspicuous as politicians than as efficient and capable men of affairs, and will naturally, also, carefully look to see where a sound principle of promotion may be applied. It is undoubtedly true that, in selecting such officers in various parts of the country, the President must hear and weigh advice. But doubtless, also, he will be governed by the counsel which he knows to be most harmonious with his own purpose. Wishing, for instance, "to take the Custom-house out of politics," he would satisfy himself that the person to be appointed Collector sincerely agrees with him, and is known or believed to agree with him. The President, the subordinates, "the machine," and the country would then know that political jobbery in that Custom-house would practically cease. The outcry against his method, when stripped of its fine phrases, is mainly a demand that such jobbery shall continue.

ENGLISH INTERESTS AND ENGLISH DUTY.

THE Turkish victory at Plevna certainly shows that "the sick man" has a great deal of vigor left. It came with a shock of surprise, for the general feeling undoubtedly has been that Russia would easily prevail, and there is no doubt that the Russian military prestige has seriously suffered by this reverse—not because a greater intrenched force has defeated a smaller attacking force, but because such an attack by a smaller force should have been ordered. The Russian leaders seem to have been betrayed by an unpardonable carelessness, a foolish confidence and recklessness which are never found in the conduct of any really great military commander, and which seem, therefore, to throw doubt over the whole campaign. Immense resources of men and money can not avail without skill in management, and the result in Armenia and in Bulgaria necessarily compels every spectator to wonder whether the undoubted superiority of Russia will be made available. At the same time, one reverse is not destruction, and those who are half inclined to suppose from the event at Plevna that Russian power is a huge fable, will be undeceived. The Bulgarian campaign must apparently begin again, but we have by no means seen the end.

The progress of the war thus far certainly justifies the anti-war party in England. If Turkey can maintain herself, there is no reason for British interference. And if by any chance Turkey could bring Russia to terms, then the policy that Mr. GLADSTONE has advocated would inevitably become the policy of Europe, and the combined powers would demand the securities which Russia had undertaken to exact by arms. It has been stated very emphatically, and more than ever since the Russians crossed the Balkans, that there was a great reaction of opinion in England in favor of active interference for Turkey, and that Mr. GLADSTONE has lost much of the hold upon the national sympathy that he had a year ago. This view is clearly and well stated in a private letter recently received, from which we quote:

"As you know, I respect and admire GLADSTONE greatly, but ever since last August I dissent emphatically from regarding him as the typical Englishman, and especially at the present time and in full view of the Eastern question. I know that in so doing I dissent from a number of literary men, such as CARLYLE, FREEMAN, FROUDE, LIDDON, etc., etc., but I believe I am with the better informed and sounder judgment and more resolute wisdom of the country. On the Eastern question GLADSTONE represents the heart or feelings of the country only, not its head or its conscience. He represents the latter only so far as it allows itself to be guided too much by its feelings. His abandonment of a responsible leadership has done the working of his mind harm, and on the Eastern question he is emotional, vague, one-sided, and unpractical; just the faults which the other literary men who side with him are showing, and just the faults by the frequent co-existence of which with high character and education the popular notion that such character and education are unsuited to affairs has been created, and is, *to some extent only*, justified. Take his latest little speech. He sets Englishmen's 'duty' as a nation over against their 'interests' as its theme. Put thus, on the Eastern question the speech is mischievous, as almost every speech he now makes is, more or less. No intelligent and right-minded man in Parliament or the country stands up for any *such* 'interests' of England as are inconsistent with her 'duty.' Self-interest, rightly understood (as JOUFFROY used to say to us in the old days), is a man's duty, or is a part of it, as is also recognized in the Christian rule—thy neighbor as *thyself*. And it is England's 'duty' to assert and maintain herself as a strong empire and one of the chief civilizers of the world, not her 'interest' only. GLADSTONE's action since last August has weakened his country's hands, and has been (unintentionally on his part) unpatriotic. A growing majority, I hope, of the Liberal party's leaders are feeling this. Read GRANT DUFF's excellent article in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. I doubt if so many as twenty men in Parliament would now follow Mr. GLADSTONE were he again to bring forward his May resolutions. The Liberal vote then was only got by GLADSTONE's practically withdrawing all but the more sentimental resolutions."

Our readers will agree that the argument of "British interests" is here put more eloquently than it has been in Parliament. But we are quite sure that the writer is mistaken, and that Mr. GLADSTONE would wholly agree with him that, in the highest sense, the interest and the duty of England coincide. For what is the writer's real argument as applied to the situation? It is that Russia is a semi-barbarous power now pushing for the Mediterranean. If it reaches the Mediterranean, it will threaten the dominion of civilized England in India. A direct contest between England and Russia is to be avoided; a defeat of England would be disastrous for civilization. England, therefore, is morally bound to avoid the risk to civilization in the promptest and most practicable manner, and that is by maintaining Turkey upon its present territory as a bar to Russian advance. But to make this argument available against Mr. GLADSTONE, it must be shown that he advocates the removal of the obstruction in a way to insure Russian dominance and expansion. But that can not be shown, for it is not true. He distinctly said in his pamphlet on the "Bulgarian Horrors," and he has not, so far as we know, changed his opinion:

"Of all the objects of policy, in my conviction, humanity, rationally understood, and in due relation to justice, is the first and highest. *My belief is that this great aim need not be compromised, and that other important objects would be gained, by maintaining the territorial integrity of Turkey.*"

The italics are ours. Mr. GLADSTONE's policy was not and is not Russian annihilation of Turkey and the Turks, but the regulation of Turkey by the combined powers of Europe; and when the Constantinople effort failed, he would have given Russia the moral support of England to compel Turkey to yield to Europe, instead of alienating Russian feeling and permitting the unaided Russian military force to acquire a right for Russia to take a larger share in the final settlement than it could otherwise have claimed. This is the position of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is perfectly clear and intelligible, and, as it seems to us, it is both patriotic and reasonable. In any case, his difference with the writer of the letter is solely one of method. He would no less warmly insist upon the duty of England to maintain her standing as a civilizing power; but he would argue that it is not to be done by fighting with Turkey against Russia, but by controlling Turkey in concert with civilized Europe. It was a British blunder to take a half hostile attitude toward Russia. But if Mr. GLADSTONE can restrain his country from open armed alliance with Turkey, he will secure to it an influence in the final settlement which otherwise it could not have had.

ASSESSMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS.

IN one of her late papers "Gail Hamilton" says: "If raising money for a political campaign be a proper thing, I do not see why office-holders should not be asked to contribute as well as people who are not office-holders." And again: "Undoubtedly there are oppression and injustice in connection with the levying of political contributions upon office-holders; but I do not see why asking political contributions from office-holders is any worse than asking ecclesiastical contributions."

The objection to political assessments upon office-holders is not that any citizen should not voluntarily give what he will toward an election, but that the office-holding citizen is compelled to give what a committee demands, or risk losing his place. We have ourselves protested to the head of a great government office on behalf of clerks who could ill afford out of their salaries the heavy percentage demanded by the party committee, and the reply that we received was that if any clerk did not care to pay the tax, there were scores of men as good as he who were willing to take his place with all its incumbrances. To call this kind of payment a contribution, or to represent the office-holder as holding the same voluntary relation to the assessment that a church-goer does to his tax for a pew or the minister's salary, is either curiously to misconceive the truth, or to admit that in the one case the contribution is the price of the place, as in the other it is confessedly the price of the seat.

There is no objection to "asking contributions," but great objection to coercing them. It was not the demand of JACK SHEPPARD for your purse, it was the sight of the horse-pistol in his belt, that "did the business." If people who are not office-holders are asked to contribute, and think that their salary will not warrant giving, they decline, and that is the end of it. But if the office-holder is asked to contribute, and for the same reason declines, he does so at the risk of losing his whole salary without remedy. Is this proceeding to be properly defined as "asking contributions?" and ought an abuse so flagrant to be defended by the remark that it is no worse than asking ecclesiastical contributions? Ecclesiastical contributions are absolutely voluntary; and how can the methods of their collection be compared in any manner whatever with the undoubted "oppression and injustice" of the political assessments, not contributions, levied upon office-holders?

PERSONAL.

THE ROTHSCHILDS and the Marquis of Westminster must look to it and bestir themselves, or, in the changes and exchanges to which men and money are so liable, they are in imminent danger of being outranked by the money kings of the United States. The ROTHSCHILDS, by late estimates, are supposed to be worth $200,000,000, which at five per cent. would yield an income of $10,000,000 a year. The Marquis of Westminster is rated at $80,000,000, or $4,000,000 a year. We shall soon outstrip that. MACKEY, FLOOD, O'BRIEN, & FAIR, the great silver miners of Nevada, own mines that at present low prices are valued at $23,000,000; they own also the Bank of Nevada, with a paid-up capital of $10,000,000, and have $20,000,000 of United States bonds; besides this, they have $3,000,000 in real estate, and a controlling interest in several mines of great richness. The annual income on their property, so very productive, is not less than $20,000,000, or double that of the ROTHSCHILDS, and the amount of profit annually carried to capital will soon make them the richest people in the world. Next to this great firm come the four principal owners of the Central Pacific Railroad and other connecting roads of California—STANFORD, HUNTINGTON, CROCKER, and HOPKINS, whose wealth is over $50,000,000. The income from their 3000 miles of railroad is something almost fabulous. After them come LUX & MILLER, $20,000,000; D. O. MILLS, $10,000,000; MICHAEL REESE, $10,000,000; DONAHUE & KELLEY, $10,000,000; HAGGIN & TELVIS, $10,000,000; LEVI STRAUSS & Co., $10,000,000; WILLIAM SHARON, $8,000,000; and eighteen or twenty little fellows vary from $8,000,000 down to $4,000,000 each. Fellows worth a million or so are scarcely mentioned or thought of—doubtless very decent people and good fathers, but not factors in the moneyed world. The hundred-thousand-dollars are looked upon with disdain as beggars.

—Pope PIUS IX. always enjoys a little joke. He sees the point as quickly and laughs as merrily as when he was a simple young ecclesiastic. Recently a well-known literary gentleman was present at one of the Pope's receptions. The Holy Father approached him and said, "Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" "Holy Father," replied our friend, "I am neither a Catholic nor a Protestant; I am a journalist." His Holiness laughed heartily, and moved on to some one else.

—Bishop LITTLEJOHN laid the corner-stone of a new Episcopal church a few days ago at Rockaway, Long Island. Among those present was Dr. CARMICHAEL, who laid the corner-stone of the old church in 1836, and held in his hand as he spoke the address delivered by him forty-one years ago. Rev. Dr. SMITH, of Flushing, was also there, and brought out a general smile when he said that when he went to Rockaway, thirty years ago, they told him he was going to "a place where people kept Sunday only once in two weeks, and then only in the afternoon."

—The gentleman whom the Democrats of Ohio have just nominated for Governor is described as a tall, broad-shouldered, finely formed man of perhaps sixty, a model Kentuckian in build, with full long gray whiskers—not only gray, but, indeed, white; a keen but withal pleasant eye; a shapely hand, which in earlier days—his days as a retailer—has often adjusted the weight on the counter scales while its owner gossiped pleasantly with the country-woman over her quarter of a pound of tea; a number seven foot, good-shaped legs, full chest, and a business head, the white hair on top of which, when he stood up, was fully six feet from the floor. He smiled as he saw the reporter enter, for Mr. BISHOP, as a Christian gentleman, is always kind to the humblest.

—Prince BISMARCK is to be made the subject of a biography to be published in a few weeks. It is to be written by a friend of the Prince, and with his consent and assistance.

—Dr. SCHLIEMANN will not come to this country until after the completion of his book on his discoveries, which will be published this fall.

—The late HEMAN J. REDFIELD, of Batavia, New York, who died a few days since at the age of nearly ninety, was in his early manhood, and up to within the last fifteen years, a power in the politics of the State, and a man whose influence in party affairs was always exerted on the side of integrity and the good of the public service. The late WILLIAM CASSIDY, of the Albany *Argus*, once said, after an hour's conversation with Mr. REDFIELD, "It is a great privilege to know so good a man." For half a century and more in Western New York, where most of his life was spent, he was known and esteemed as one of the most admirable characters in the State, and he has gone to his rest with a fullness of respect that is accorded to few.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS has recently had the pleasure of entertaining, at his cottage at Long Branch, a few gentlemen not only remarkable for the prominence they have occupied in the public affairs of the country, but for the great age to which they have attained. Among them were General ROBERT PATTERSON, aged eighty-six; Hon. SIMON CAMERON, aged seventy-eight; Hon. MORTON M'MICHAEL, aged seventy-two; and the Rev. Dr. MORTON, rector of St. James's Church, Philadelphia, aged seventy-two—all men of mark, and especially delightful at a dinner table.

—Mr. EDWARD EGGLESTON writes from London to the Brooklyn *Times* a glowing letter about Canon FARRAR, of Westminster Abbey, and author of that remarkable book, *The Life of Christ*. "There are," says Mr. EGGLESTON, "other preachers in London, but only one FARRAR. The Abbey was full to overflowing. The transepts were jammed, aisles and all. The choir, the nave, even the chancel, were full of people from the four quarters of the globe. The question over which England is now seething is not Russia or Turkey, but the confessional in the Church of England. Canon FARRAR spoke on this matter with wonderful eloquence for the better part of an hour. I stood the whole time on the hard stone pavement, and I could have stood twice as long. He brushed aside all intervention between man and God. It was a fresh breeze of nineteenth century reasonableness sweeping away ecclesiastical cobwebs. It was like the voice of one of the old reformers. You felt that here was a man to whom conviction was dearer than life, a man who understood that the only salvation for man lies not in opinions or in churches, but in Christ-like nobleness of character."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Maine Republican State Convention met at Augusta on the 9th inst. Governor Connor was renominated by acclamation. Ex-Governor Chamberlain offered a resolution commending the Southern policy, and Mr. Boutelle one denouncing it. Mr. Blaine opposed both, and they were tabled.

The Georgia Constitutional Convention, on the 9th, adopted the repudiation section by a vote of 166 to 16.

A serious accident occurred, on the 9th inst., on the Long Branch division of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, which resulted in the injury of many passengers, two of whom, it is feared, will die. The 7.45 A.M. train from New York plunged from the bridge across Oceanport Creek, and, with the exception of the last car, became a complete wreck. The scene of the disaster is just midway between Long Branch and Red Bank, and three miles from each. The bridge is only 500 feet in length, and consists of an iron draw-bridge 120 feet long connecting two sections of piling. When closed, the draw-bridge is fastened at either end by two heavy iron latches that fit into iron slots let into the caps on the last bents of piles, and were worked by an iron lever in the middle of the bridge. The tender of the locomotive left the track directly as it struck the draw; the whole train, consisting of an express and mail car and four passenger coaches, followed, and went crashing across the bridge on the sleepers. As the locomotive reached the end of the bridge, it telescoped with the mail car, and together they rolled from the bridge to the bank of the creek, about ten feet below. Three passenger coaches followed, and turned on their sides in the shallow water. The last car, crowded to its utmost capacity with passengers, remained on the bridge, though off the track. The locomotive, its tender, and the mail car were so piled together and so completely wrecked that it was difficult to distinguish the ruins of one from the other. Fortunately the water in the creek was low, else many would have been drowned.

The Scranton jury of inquest over the rioters killed by the Vigilance Committee brought in a verdict, on the 8th inst., of murder against those of the committee whose names were known to them. On the 9th, a diabolical attempt was made to surrender six of the committee into the hands of the mob upon a writ of commitment, but the military interfered and protected them.—The blockade on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal still continuing, Governor Carroll, on the 9th, issued a proclamation ordering the dispersion of the striking boatmen, and sent the military to enforce the order.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: Immediately after the terrific battle of Plevna, the defeated Russians prepared to renew the attack. Re-enforcements were hastily drawn from other fields, and 70,000 troops were soon in readiness for the onslaught. On the 7th inst., eight battalions of Russian infantry and eight squadrons of cavalry attacked Lovatz, twenty miles directly south of Plevna. The Turks, having been re-enforced by five battalions of infantry and some cavalry from Plevna, repulsed the Russians, who lost 300 killed and 600 wounded. On the same day a Russian force, consisting of two regiments of horse and one battalion of foot, attacked the Turks in possession of the Jasiar south of Rasgrad, but after a short conflict retired in the direction of Popkoi. Receiving re-enforcements, they returned once more to the attack, but were again repulsed, the Turks maintaining their position. The battle was bloody on both sides. The Turks, in turn, with 5000 cavalry, attacked the Russians between Lascar, a village near Plevna, and the river Rusica. The Russians, who occupied a fortified line and outnumbered the Turks, repulsed them without difficulty, but made no attempt to follow, as the Grand Duke Nicholas did not wish to waste the energy of his troops in partial engagements. On the 9th, the Turks reported that the Russians had attacked Plevna in superior force, and had again been defeated.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the total Russian losses up to the 27th ult. were, according to an official statement, 9395. In addition to this, the Russians admit a further loss at Plevna of 5000, including one colonel killed and a major-general and two colonels wounded.—On the 5th, General Ghourko evacuated Kazanlik, south of the Balkans, and the Turks occupied the place. The Turks have also occupied Selvi, twenty-five miles southwest of Tirnova.—A dispatch from Sukhum Kaleh, dated the 2d inst., says: "The Turkish frigate *Maumaudieh* bombarded the Russian batteries at Tchamtchira, on the 30th ult., silencing every Russian gun. The *Maumaudieh* was considerably damaged, and several of the crew were killed and wounded. Near Tchamtchira were 6000 Turks in a critical position, owing to the advance of the Russian army. Hobart Pasha embarked the entire force safely, on the 1st inst., under cover of the guns of the fleet. This completes the withdrawal of the Turkish military expedition to the Caucasus. Hobart Pasha has command of the entire Black Sea forces, consisting of twenty men-of-war and transports."—The Bosnian insurrection is at an end. A telegram from Ragusa says the defeat of General Despotovich is confirmed. The insurgents numbered 4000 and the Turks 8000. The insurgents in bodies of several hundreds are crossing into Dalmatia, and are being interned on the islands in the Adriatic. Despotovich, who is now confined in Croatia, has requested permission to go to Russia. The request has not yet been granted.—The Czar has ordered the immediate mobilization of the entire corps of the Imperial Guard and several other divisions, and has also ordered a levy of 188,600 of the Landwehr.—On the 7th inst., the Porte issued a circular recounting various horrible massacres which it alleges have been perpetrated by the Cossacks and Bulgarians. These include the burning alive of seventy Mussulmans of the village of Dynklemi, and the cold-blooded massacre of forty others, as well as women and children. The circular declares that the English military attaché has ascertained the truth of the foregoing.

The poor-house on the industrial farm of the county of Norfolk, a mile from Simcoe, Canada, was burned on the night of the 4th inst., and seventeen persons perished in the flames.

The village of Garnsee, near Marienwerder, Prussia, has been destroyed by fire, and 800 persons have been rendered homeless. The town of Sundsvall, Sweden, has been almost totally burned.

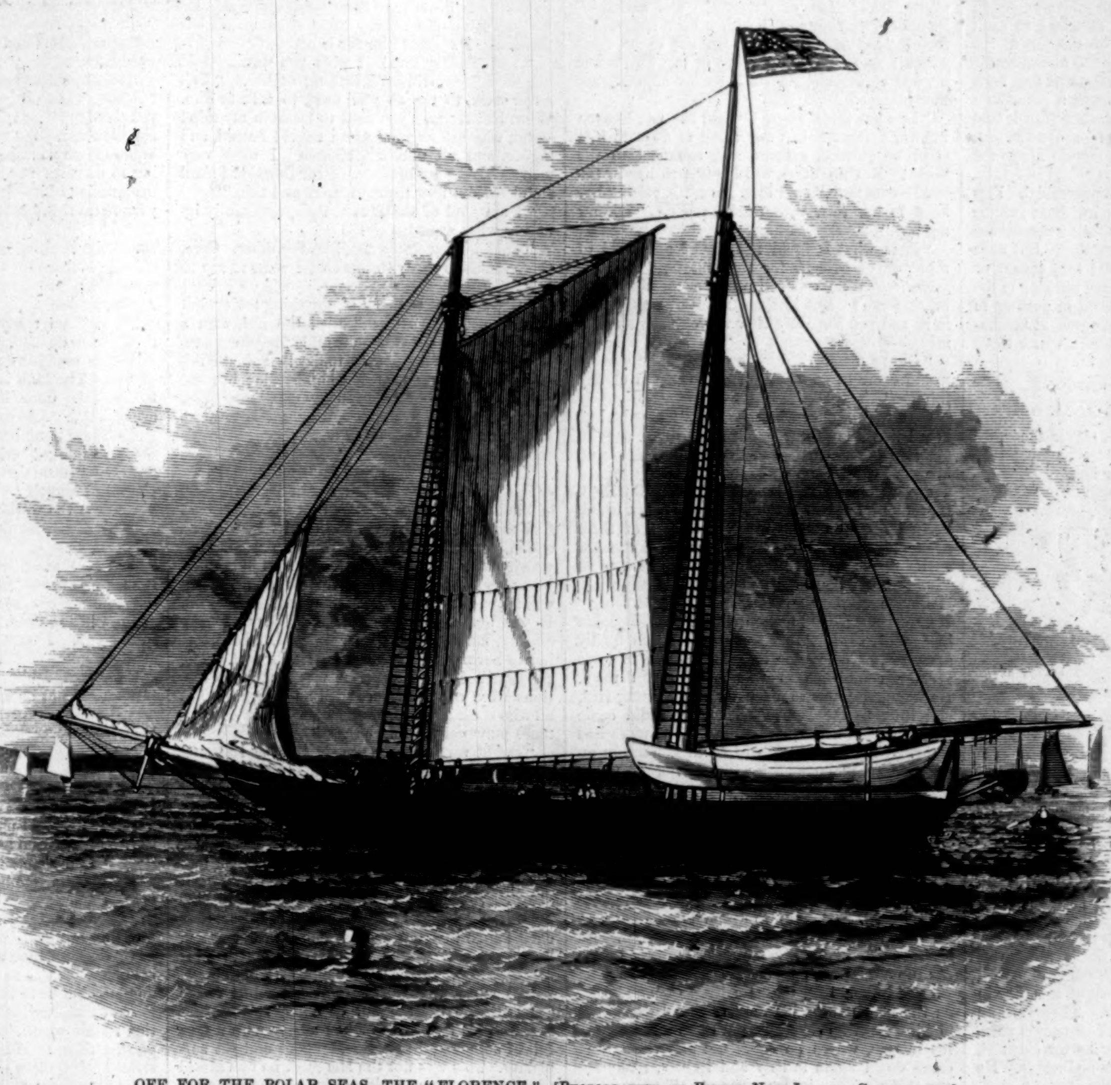
THE BENNINGTON CENTENNIAL.—DRAWN BY H. W. HERRICK.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

OFF FOR THE POLAR SEAS.

THE schooner *Florence*, Captain GEORGE E. TYSON, master, sailed from New London, Connecticut, on the 2d of August, for the polar seas. The object of this expedition is to establish a dépôt of supplies on Northumberland Isle, upon which the main arctic exploring expedition, which is to sail in July, 1878, under Captain H. W. HOWGATE, U.S.A., is to draw for subsistence while prosecuting its search for the north pole. The *Florence* will arrive at a point on Northumberland Isle about August 25. She will cruise therefrom after whale, and when a cargo of bone and oil is made up, go into winter-quarters, and establish what the scientific world will know as the Howgate Polar Colony.

Captain TYSON'S duties in this regard are to engage, as soon as possible after his arrival at the island, at least a dozen Esquimau families, who by long and actual residence in the arctic region are inured to the hardships and discomforts of a northern winter, secure a hundred or more dogs, a quantity of native sledges, and material for clothing, in the construction of which the native women will be employed during the winter.

Next July Captain HOWGATE himself will sail in command of the main expedition. This expedition will reach Disco, on the Greenland coast, about August 1, and there be joined by Captain TYSON, who will transfer to HOWGATE'S vessel the stores gathered through the winter. Thence the vessel under HOWGATE, with its own and TYSON'S crew, will move northward, establishing at suitable distances sub-bases of supplies upon which to fall back in the event of such a step being made necessary. Captain HOWGATE'S plans thereafter embrace, besides the grand search for the pole, the collection of full meteorological, hydrographical, and geological data, and generally a more comprehensive knowledge of the unknown north lands than is now possessed.



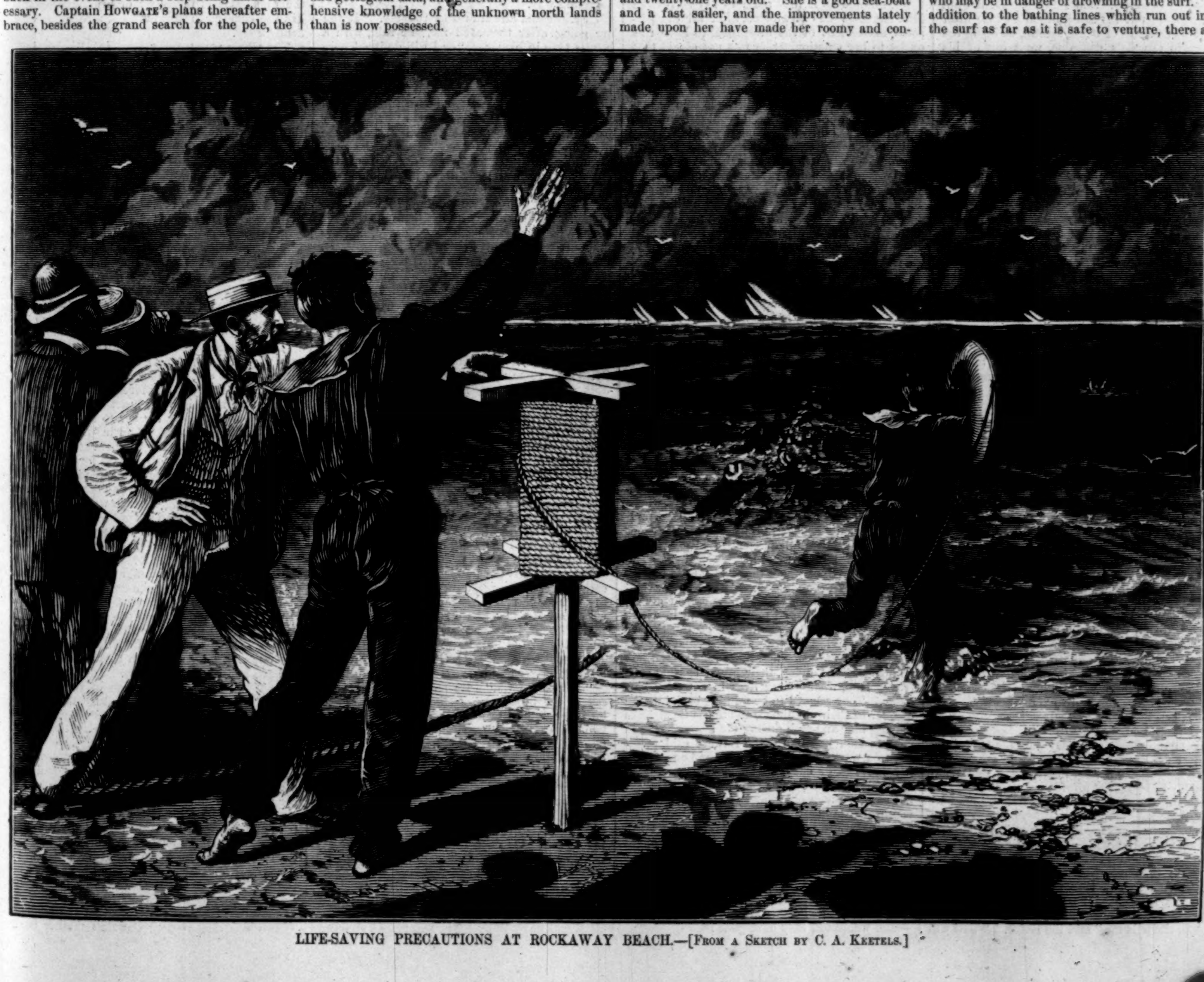
OFF FOR THE POLAR SEAS—THE "FLORENCE."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BISHOP, NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.]

The *Florence* is a craft of fifty-six tons burden, and twenty-one years old. She is a good sea-boat and a fast sailer, and the improvements lately made upon her have made her roomy and convenient. She is bountifully supplied with food, equipments, and armament. Of the latter, she has sixteen rifles and muskets, 6000 ball-cartridges, 1000 pounds of buck-shot, two barrels of common powder, and 200 pounds of finer rifle powder. The names of officers, scientists, and men are as follows: GEORGE E. TYSON, New London, master; WILLIAM SISSON, New London, first mate; DENNISON BURROWS, New London, second mate; ELEAZER CONE, New London, steward; ORRAY TAFT SHERMAN, Providence, meteorologist and photographer; LUDWIG KUMLIN, Madison, Wisconsin, naturalist; RICHARD B. YORK, Norwich; WILLIAM A. ALBIN, Sag Harbor; JAMES W. LEE, New London; and JOEL B. BUTTLES, Granby, seamen; CHARLES HENRY FULLER, Colchester; DAVID T. REESE, York, Pennsylvania; and JOHN M'PARTLAND, New London, green hands.

Captain TYSON will be remembered as the assistant sailing-master of the *Polaris*, who for six months drifted on an ice-floe with eighteen companions, after being separated from the ship by the breaking up of the ice. He has spent much of his life in navigating the arctic waters, and possesses in an unusual degree the qualifications demanded in the commander of an expedition like that of the *Florence*. His countrymen wish him godspeed on his way, success in his enterprise, and a safe return.

LIFE-SAVING AT ROCKAWAY.

ON this page we give an illustration of the method taken at Rockaway Beach to insure prompt and efficient assistance to bathers who may be in danger of drowning in the surf. In addition to the bathing lines which run out into the surf as far as it is safe to venture, there are



LIFE-SAVING PRECAUTIONS AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. KEETELS.]

placed at intervals along the beach lines coiled upon an upright revolving cylinder firmly fixed in the sand. A circular buoy is attached to each line; when not in use, it rests on the top of the cylinder. These lines are under the management of experienced patrolmen, all excellent and fearless swimmers. In case of danger a patrolman seizes one of these buoys and rushes with it into the water, the line unwinding as he runs or swims. There are also life-boats at intervals along the beach.

The recklessness of bathers is proverbial. Persons who can scarcely swim a rod without fatigue will venture outside the lines, exposing themselves and others to the danger of drowning. But even strong swimmers are often seized with cramp, or become exhausted from remaining too long in the water, and may require assistance in getting to the shore. The precautions adopted at Rockaway should be found on every beach where there is much bathing.

MIDSUMMER SONG.

Now steals the bee through clover fields,
Now shallow grows the river
In ferny shades where lilies lie,
And sunbeams slip and quiver.
Linger, linger, sweet July,
Prithee hush thy tender cry,
"Good-by, good-by."

O fair midsummer! Like the bee
Adream in woodland places,
We sip the sweetness of thy ways,
Thy wonderful, wild graces.
Linger, linger, sweet July,
Now prithee hush thy foolish cry,
"Good-by, good-by."

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CLEARING UP.

Mr. Burchell was brought up stairs with some solemnity. Though Mrs. Meredith's mind was very full of all that had been passing, and with no small amount of personal feeling, a father in such a case could not be put off. They were all agitated in different ways, the elder people painfully, the young ones happily. As for Edward, his energy and satisfaction knew no bounds. He even jarred upon the feelings of the others, though most innocently, his heart was so light. "You are like Oswald," his mother said to him, with a sigh of anxiety; "you are not like yourself." "I feel like Oswald," said Edward. He did not seem able to put his self-gratulation into fitter words. The sense of being second, of being the shadow to Oswald's sunshine, went out of his mind, and with it all sense of grudging and every thing like envy, which, however deeply repressed and disapproved, had been in his heart hitherto, an involuntary weakness. All that was over now. That Cara loved him he scarcely ventured to believe. But she was free; she was not swept up, like every other good thing, by his elder brother. What an ease diffused itself through his heart! And with Cara, too, the sensation was that of ease; her bonds were broken. She might have stood faithful still as the Screen (for, indeed, that poor lady was in the *Vita Nuova*, and it was not kind of great Dante, great as he was!), but circumstances had broken her bonds. Cara had not been intimate with Agnes Burchell, that she should be much disturbed by finding out her identity with Oswald's Agnes. And after the first shock she was confident that nothing amiss could have happened to her while Oswald was there. And her own preoccupations made the whole matter but secondary in her mind. Was it selfish of her? But she could not help it. She had cast off more than one burden; her young frame was tingling with the excitement of the two disclosures she had made, one of which had brought her father to her, the other—well, the other, at least, had set her free; it had set her right with others, if nothing more. It was Edward who went to the dining-room to conduct Mr. Burchell up stairs, feeling such a friendliness toward him as words could not express. Had not he been the occasion of it all? "My mother begs that you will come up stairs," he said, feeling an inclination to hug his visitor, though he was little captivating. Mr. Burchell had a feeling of disapproval of the house and all that were in it. It was the house Roger had given an account of, where he had dined on Sunday, and where the lady lived who was so intimate with Mr. Beresford. The rector disapproved of all such intimacy. But he was anxious and rather unhappy about his daughter, and it was his duty to take Cara back out of this doubtful, perhaps polluted, house. So he followed his conductor up stairs, looking about him with involuntary criticism. These kind of people had so many comforts that did not fall to the lot of their superiors in every moral sense! Large comfortable houses, many servants, the *Times* every day (he found it on the table in the dining-room), and many other luxuries. He could not help making this remark to himself; he could not afford such pleasures; and now his child, his daughter, not theirs, who, perhaps, deserved it, had gone away. Matters were not mended when Mrs. Meredith, with all her usual sweetness, but with a thrill of agitation still about her, came up to him, holding out her hand.

"Cara tells me that you are anxious about your daughter, and that my son—knows her," she said, faltering. It was so difficult to know what to say.

"So she tells me," said the rector. "You will understand it is not from me; I know nothing of it. Agnes has said nothing; and perhaps," he added, looking round with a little natural defiance, "her absence may turn out to be quite simple; there may be nothing in it. She is not a good correspondent. But we are anxious, her mother and I."

"I do not know where Oswald is. Oh, Heaven knows, if my son has any thing to do with it, I shall be grieved, grieved and ashamed to the heart! But no harm will happen to her in Oswald's company," said Mrs. Meredith, raising her head in her turn with tearful pride. "I know my boy."

"It is what I would not say of any child of mine, or of myself, for that matter," said the rector. "Who can tell what a moment may bring forth? But if there should be any thing in it, and you have any clew to your son's movements—"

"I have none. Thursday or Friday he said he would come back. Cara, if you can tell us any thing—"

Cara told at once what she knew; how he had heard that Agnes was going somewhere, she did not remember where, and that he had made up his mind to go too, and explain himself. "Limpet Bay; she is not there," said Mr. Burchell. He took no interest in the rest of the story, which excited the others so much that half of them spoke together. Edward, however, had the *pas* as being most energetic. "I will go at once to Limpet Bay," he said, "and find out if any thing is known of them; that seems the best thing." Mr. Burchell looked at him with a half-suspicion in his eyes. But this was how it was finally arranged. The rector himself seemed to have greater confidence in wandering about town. He was going now to his sister's at Notting Hill, and then to the House. Then he would come back again to the Square, to see if any news had come. "My son Roger will be in London in an hour or two," he added, with a kind of vague trust in that. But he neither sanctioned nor objected to Edward's mission. He had no notion himself what to do. He had no faith in his own child, and even thought worse of Mrs. Meredith—if there could be a worse or a better about such a person—for thinking well of hers. When he went away at last in his heavy distress they were all relieved. He was to come back in a few hours to see if any news had been received. As for Edward, he was like a man transformed. He ran up stairs with airy energy, thrust what he wanted into a bag, tossed a heap of note-books on the floor (where his mother found them, and picking them up carefully, put them away behind his bureau, where he could not find them), and came down again swiftly and lightly, ready for any thing. Then it was arranged that Cara and her father should walk with him to the House, to see if any thing had been heard there. This new chapter of anxiety was a relief to all of them, strange as it may seem to say so. Even Mrs. Meredith was comforted, after all the personal excitement of the afternoon, to have this outlet to her emotion. She was not afraid that any thing very dreadful could have happened to Oswald, nor, though Mr. Burchell thought her confidence wicked, to any one else, through her boy. She knew Oswald's faults, she said to herself—who better? but Agnes would get no harm from him. On the other hand, the fact that they had disappeared together was in itself active harm. The boy was safe enough, but the girl—that was a more difficult matter; and even a young man who decoyed away, or could be said to have decoyed away, not a poor milliner or house-maid, but a girl in his own rank—society would look but darkly, there could be no doubt, on such a man. It was evident that, in any point of view, to find Oswald was the chief thing to be thought of. In the mean time, however, they had been reckoning without their train. There was not one going to Limpet Bay till six o'clock, and a pause perforce had to be made. And people began to come in, to call in the midst of their agitation, the first being actually shown up into the drawing-room while they still stood together talking in their scarcely subsiding excitement. This was more than the others could bear. Mrs. Meredith, indeed, met her visitors with her usual smiles, with hands stretched out, with all the air of soft and kind interest in them which bound her friends so close to her; the air of agitation about her only increased the kindness of her looks; but the three others were not so courageous. They all forsook her, stealing away one by one. Mr. Beresford went to his library, where he had so many things to think of. Cara and Edward, stealing away one after the other, met on the stairs. "Will you come into the Square," he said, "till it is time for my train?" The Square was a spot where they had played together when they were children. It had been avoided by both of them without any reason given; now they went out and took refuge in it, where the little ladies and gentlemen of the Square were still playing. They wandered demurely under the flowery shrubs and those kind trees which do not despise London, their hearts beating softly yet loud, their young lives in a tender harmony. They seemed to be walking back into the chapter of their childhood, and to see themselves playing hide-and-seek among the bushes. "You used to look just like that," Edward said, pointing to a pretty child in a white sun-bonnet with her lap full of daisies, who looked up at them with serious blue eyes as they passed. Cara was not so very much older, and yet what a world of youthful experience between her and this child! Then naturally they began to talk of what had happened to their knowledge, and of what might have happened which they did not know.

"And you think he really loved her?" Edward said, his voice at this word taking a reverential tone. "He must indeed—or else— But was he in earnest?—he was always so full of levity—and where can they have gone?"

"He did not mean to have gone for more than the day. It must have been some accident. He would not have done any thing again to get her scolded! *I* scolded him for it before."

"You scolded him! I wish you would scold me, Cara," said Edward, looking at her. "You never talk to me as you used to talk to him. What bad feelings you used to rouse in my mind—you who are as good as an angel! hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. I went very near to hating my brother. Poor Oswald! I shall stand by him now through thick and thin."

"I am glad of that," said Cara, thankfully ignoring what went before.

"That is your doing too, like the other. Cara, there seems so many things that I want to say to you."

"Oh, we must not talk of any thing to-day, but how to get this settled," cried the girl, with a nervous shiver. "What a trouble for your mother to see all those people to-day! I could not stay to help her; it seemed impossible; but she—she could not be unkind to any one," said Cara, with generous fervor; though indeed Mrs. Meredith, unwittingly, had strewn a few thorns in Cara's pathway too.

"Yes," said Edward; "I don't think my mother is a humbug—at least—yes, she is, in the way of kindness. She can't bear that any one should feel neglected. And yet she means it, too," he added, doubtfully, looking up at the window, at which some of her visitors showed, for the day was very warm. Her friends had flooded back upon her, notwithstanding her recent widowhood. It was not like going into society, they all said. Society, indeed, went to her instead. To desert her in her troubles was not a friend's part. The consequence of this doctrine was that her receptions were almost as crowded as ever, and that all who considered themselves her intimates were more punctual than ever they had been.

"Ought we not to go?" said Cara at last, and they turned and came out through the dusty bushes once more. The Square was not lovely in itself, but it looked like a garden of Eden to the two, when they had been walking in the cool of the day, like Adam and Eve, thinking of each other, talking, with little breaks and relapses into thoughts which were dangerous, but very sweet, of other things. Now they came out again, side by side. As they crossed the road, Roger Burchell joined them. He had been sent for, and had hurried up, poor fellow! to do his duty, and look for his lost sister. It was not a happy errand to begin with, nor was it exactly happiness for him to see Cara, though the thought of doing so had lent wings to his feet. He looked at her with a face full of suppressed agitation, longing and yet suspicious. This was not the Meredith he was afraid of; this was the one with whom he was rather in sympathy, the unfortunate one, like himself. But there was something in the looks of the two which hurt Roger and angered him, he could scarcely have told why.

He addressed Edward rather roughly. "If you are going after them, tell me," he said, with a hoarse tone in his voice, "or I will do it. There is no time to lose."

"I am waiting only for the train," said Edward. It was a valid excuse enough, and poor Roger felt that he might have waited hours for the train without being amused meantime in this heavenly fashion. The gate of the garden was at some little distance from the house, close to the thoroughfare which passed along the end of the Square. They could see along this line of road as they turned to go back.

"We must go for Mr. Beresford," Edward was saying. "He was to go with us first to the House."

Here he stopped short, open-mouthed, and the others stopped too, by that curious instinct which makes one man share in the startled sensations of his companion without knowing what they mean. They were both startled like Edward. A carriage had drawn up within a little distance, and two people were getting out of it. Cara's eye, following Edward's, reached this little group. She ran forward, with a low cry. The new-comers, seeing nobody, occupied with themselves, advanced steadily. They came up to the corner of the Square. Just within that comparative stillness they too started and stopped, he facing the others boldly, with smiles on his face, she drooping, blushing, trembling, with her hand on his arm.

"Oswald! for Heaven's sake, who is this lady?" cried Edward, stepping in advance. The others waited with equal eagerness, though they knew very well who she was.

"Edward, my good fellow, you must make much of her," said Oswald. He was really moved, and his gay voice faltered. "You and Cara—we want you and Cara to make up our happiness. This is my wife."

Though it was the public road, or, at least, the corner of the Square, Cara rushed forward and threw herself upon Agnes, who, red as a rose, with downcast face and eyes that could not bear the light, stood on her trial, as it were. Edward put out one hand to her and another to his brother, without saying a word. He came, unthinking, between Roger and his sister.

"You and Cara." He and Cara; nothing to say to the brother, who stood behind, red and lowering, noticed by no one, like a stranger. The two pairs fell together as by nature; Roger was the one who was left out. Is it not the very essence of all youthful story, even of all childish games, that some one should be left out? The little girl in the sun-bonnet in the Square garden could have produced half a dozen instances that there is no fun without this—from puss in the corner upward the situation is invariable. But the left-out one does not see the fun. Roger stood and changed into all manner of colors. He was not wanted. He and Agnes—he and Cara; for himself nobody, no companion, no notice, no share in it all. To take it sentimentally and sadly, and turn away in all the dignity of the neglected, is one way; to be angry and resent is another. Roger, who felt the hot blood tingling down to his very finger-points, chose the latter. He made a step forward, pushing Edward aside, even thrusting aside Cara, and seized his sister roughly by the arm.

"What is the meaning of this all?" he said. "Agnes, what do you want here? where have you been? My father has come up to town in trouble about you; my mother is ill of it at home. Where have you been? These people have nothing to do with you. You've got to give me an explanation of it—and you too, Sir!" cried Roger, with natural inconsistency, turning fiercely upon Oswald. What! this fellow, who had appropriated Cara so calmly, was he to have Agnes too?

"Oh, Roger, don't quarrel—don't quarrel! I went home this morning. Mamma knows," cried Agnes, flushed and tearful, clasping her hands.

"And I am ready to give you every explanation," said Oswald. "You have a right to it. We were married on Tuesday. It was no doing of hers. The fault is all mine. And your mother is satisfied. Come in with us, and you shall have every detail. And come, Roger, shake hands with me. There is no harm done, after all."

"Harm done!" cried the young man, in his bitterness—"harm done. Is it no harm that she has disgraced herself? I don't know what greater harm is in the world."

"Oh, Roger, Roger!"

"This has gone far enough," said Oswald; "take care what you say. Agnes, my darling, take my arm, and come to my mother. He does not know what he is saying; and Ned, come along, you and Cara. There are a hundred things to tell you. I want you to hear every thing today."

They passed him, while he stood fuming with bitter rage, not on account of Agnes, though she was the excuse for it. She took all the guilt to herself, however, looking at him pitifully, appealing to him as her husband led her to his mother's door.

"Roger, oh, Roger dear, come with us!" she cried. She had spoken to no one but him.

But Roger paid no attention to Agnes. It was the other pair who had all his thoughts; he seemed to be supplanted over again, to have all the pangs of failure to bear over again. The idea of Oswald's success with Cara had become familiar to him, and there was a little consolation in the fact that Edward, like himself, was unhappy. But at this new change the poor young fellow ground his teeth. It was more than he could bear. Rage and anguish were in his eyes. Even Cara's kind look at him, her little mute apology and deprecation of his wrath, increased it. Why should he go with them? What did it matter to him? His sister? Oh, there were plenty of people to look after his sister; and why should he follow them, who cared so little for him? But, after a while, he did follow them. There is something in this kind of suffering which attracts the sufferer to the rack. He is in course of healing when he has the courage to turn his back upon it, and go firmly away.

The whole young party went into the dining-room, where the *Times* which Mr. Burchell had grudged to Mrs. Meredith was still on the table. A dining-room is an oppressive place for such a purpose. It looks like bad interviews with fathers, when there are admonitions to be given, or those fearful moments when a young offender is detained after the others have left the cheerful table, to be told of his faults. Agnes went into the house of her husband's mother with her heart in her mouth, or, at least, in her throat, leaping wildly, ready to sink into the ground with shame and terror. How would Mrs. Meredith receive her? Her own mother had yielded only to the arguments which the poor girl despised the most—to the details of Oswald's income, and the settlements, about which he had already written to his lawyer. This mollified her—not Agnes's weeping explanations; and the bride's heart was still sore from the pang of this forgiveness, which Oswald, not caring in the least for Mrs. Burchell, had been quite satisfied with. He did not care very much for any thing except himself, she had already found out, and took all disapproval with the frankest levity of indifference, which made it burn all the more into the heart of Agnes. Perhaps it was necessary for her to have a burden of one kind or another. And his mother—how would his mother look upon her? Would she set her down, as it was so natural for mothers to do, as the guilty party, the chief offender? Agnes had felt that her own mother had done this. She had excused Oswald. "No man would ever think of such a thing, if he had not got encouragement." Even Sister Mary Jane had said so, in a modified and more generous way. Was it always the poor girl's, the poor wife's, fault? Agnes shrank into a corner. She could not take any courage from Cara's caressings, who came and hung about her, full of admiration and interest.

"I was his confidante all the time," said Cara; "but how was I to know that his Agnes was you?"

Agnes did not get much comfort out of this; she was not quite sure even that she liked him to have had a girl confidante. Though she was "happy" in the ordinary sense of the word, as applied to brides, happy in the love of her new husband, and in her own love for him, yet the troubles of the moment had seized hold upon her at their worst. She trembled for the opening of the door. She was almost at the limit of her powers of endurance. Her "happiness" had cost her dear. She had got it at the sacrifice of all her tender prejudices, all her little weaknesses of sentiment. She took Roger's angry speech for true, and indorsed it. However happily it might all turn out, though every thing should be better than she thought, still she would have disgraced herself. Nobody could be so much shocked at the whole business as she herself was. To every one who censured her she was ready to say amen. It may be supposed, therefore, that the feelings with which she awaited Oswald's mother were

agitating enough. If Mrs. Meredith received her unkindly or coldly—and how was it possible that a mother could receive otherwise than coldly such an unexpected bride?—it seemed to Agnes, in her discouragement and terror, that she must fall at her feet and die.

"Go and tell my mother, Ned," said Oswald, who was himself rather breathless with suspense. "Go, you and Cara—take Cara with you. She will be kinder if you go together."

"Was she ever unkind?" said Cara, half indignant.

"Come all the same," said Edward, taking her hand in the freedom of the moment. "If I offer to make a sacrifice to her if she will forgive them," he whispered, as they went up stairs together, "it will not be true. Cara, may I do it, not being true?"

"Does she want to be paid for her kindness?" said Cara, whispering back; but she smiled, notwithstanding, not knowing what he meant, yet knowing quite well what he meant. They went into the drawing-room thus, still for the moment hand in hand, which Mrs. Meredith perceiving, turned round from her guests with a little excitement. What had they come to tell her? She disengaged herself from the people whom she was talking to, and hurried toward them, breathless. "Children, what is it?" the conjunction had already had its effect.

"Mother, Oswald and his wife are down stairs; come and speak to them—come and console her."

"His wife! Good heavens! has it gone so far?—and is that all?" the mother said, inconsistently, in one breath.

Edward went up close to her, and whispered in her ear—"And I no longer think of going to India. If that pleases you, forgive them."

"Traitor!" said Mrs. Meredith; "that is not the reason;" and then, "God bless you, my darling!" she said, with tears in her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

In Dr. Manning's recent essay in defense of the temporal power may be found an expression of the intense dislike of the Papal Church for republicanism, and its resolution to wage ceaseless war against all free governments. Civil and religious liberty is to be put down at any cost, the people to be brought once more under the rigid control of popes and kings. Republicanism is antichristian, Dr. Manning thinks, at least in its French form, and means only "antagonism to thrones and altars." An "antichristian and republican revolution," he asserts, is the chief danger of Italy, and Italian free schools he looks upon with a kind of horror that can never be expressed. The Pope, we are assured, is the most miserable of men, the victim of republicanism, living, like St. Peter, upon the alms of the faithful. "The usurpation of the sovereignty of Rome," he alleges, "is morally a rejection of God" (p. 91). The peace of Europe, he thinks, can never be assured until the Pope has his own again, and all the woes of the past six years he attributes to the fall of the temporal power. And with the menacing words of a seer who had already set in motion the means for the accomplishment of his own prediction, Dr. Manning invokes destruction upon the Italian government, and declares, "But for the Italian revolution there is no future; it is reserved for the just judgment of God."

The arguments upon which the cardinal founds his defense of the papal power and his condemnation of all Italian freedom are so vague and visionary as scarcely to be said to be within the domain of reason. We can hardly be satisfied with his assurance that Rome was given to the popes by "the providence of God," or that God has condemned the Roman people to be shot down forever by Chassepot rifles, or ruled by an oligarchy of priests. Christianity needs no such bulwarks of oppression, and a government such as was that of papal Rome had long ceased to be a Christian one. It was the last stronghold of bitter and unrelenting tyranny. Nor is it possible to find in all Dr. Manning's historical sketch a single trace of any Divine interference to enforce or to protect the right of the popes to Rome. They have held it by brutal force, by intrigue, by gross cruelty and violence; like all other temporal rulers, they have been exposed to revolution, assassination, invasion, imprisonment, exile; it was as temporal princes that Napoleon I. imprisoned Pius VI. and Pius VII., and it is against the temporal power of Pius IX. that Italian freemen have ever protested. As temporal rulers the popes have often been the most infamous of European sovereigns, and to take from them their temporal rule would seem to be one of the most beneficent acts of the Italian revolution. Nor has the papacy ever been less exposed to danger or the person of the Pope been more sedulously cared for than since he was wholly deprived of his authority over the people of Rome; never was the Papal Church more susceptible of reform and progress than since the fall of its temporal head.

With an amusing absence of the usual arts of the logician, Dr. Manning admits this happy change in the condition of his Church, and broadly asserts that it was never so strong, so pure, so certain of victory, as in the moment of its affliction. "What has been the effect," he cries, "of all this upon the Church? Never since the Church was founded was it so wide-spread as it is at this hour" (p. 94), and he adds (p. 95), "But persecution has done us these two great benefits—it has so stripped and despoiled the Church every where, head and members, that there is no temptation to greed and covetousness now. Men do not enter the priesthood of Jesus Christ at this day for lands and incomes; neither do they enter the priesthood for the ambition of rising to the courts of kings." One would suppose that so happy a reform would satisfy the highest aims of even a Beckett or a Dunstan, and that if the Italian revolution had done no more than this, it must be looked upon as the real benefactor of the papal community. A Church without ambition, avarice, pride, is something that even Dr. Manning would applaud. A return to the simplicity of apostolic usages he could scarcely condemn. No prospect, it would seem, would more charm and entrance the true believer in a venerable creed. But not so Dr. Manning. He is determined once more to endow his Church with all the wealth and authority, with all the corruption, ambition, and avarice, of the temporal rule. He will never be satisfied until the Pope is enthroned by Chassepot rifles over the murmuring people of Rome, until the wealth of Italy is poured into the lap of the papacy, and the Nessus-like robes of the temporal power have once more strangled the simple virtues of Christianity. Money, political power, a ruling priesthood, he thinks a necessity of his creed, the temporal rule a Divine appointment, and because it has delivered his Church from "covetousness" and "ambition," he invokes against free Italy the judgments of Heaven.

Scarcely would it be worth while to follow the feeble yet violent denunciations of republicanism by the English cardinal, did they not represent the opinions of a great party in Europe and America. Ultramontanism on both sides of the ocean is pledged to destroy free institutions, and to revive once more a temporal and spiritual throne. French and Italian republicanism Dr. Manning declares to be atheistic, unchristian. For American republicanism he might find a gentler name. But it is almost startling to notice that of the two great existing republics both have fallen, to a great degree, under the control of that ultramontane revival of which Dr. Manning is the chief leader. In France the violent ultramontanes have seized for a moment upon the government. They have dispersed the republican Assembly, defied its great majority, suppressed republican newspapers, speakers, clubs, appeal to the army for aid, and menace with utter ruin those free institutions to which the French nation is so plainly attached. The "judgment of God," with which Dr. Manning threatens the Italian government would fall with terrible force, had the priesthood the power, upon every leader of the republican school; and as the curious intrigue unfolds itself in France, the cultivated world will be able to see how far the malice of ultramontanism may exceed that even of revolution. It is Italy that is menaced in the revolution in France, and if ultramontanism once more rules the French, it will rule again at Rome. But still more important are Dr. Manning's words to all American republicans; and if freedom is so odious to the priesthood in Europe, still more is it hated here. Dr. Manning speaks for all his faction; and in every land his faction is the bitterest, the most daring, the most unscrupulous of all. In France it waited until the happy moment, and then, desperate and terrible, aimed its blow at the republic.

It is this passion for a temporal sovereignty and political rule, this intense opposition to republicanism and free institutions, this dread of education and general cultivation, that has made the Roman Catholic Church the scourge and the chief danger of the republics of the New World, and it is with a deep sense of disappointment that every thoughtful American must discover in Dr. Manning's latest speculations no symptoms of a wiser and better spirit. Had the Roman Catholic hierarchy yielded to the course of events, abandoned politics in Paris and New York, thrown aside, as Dr. Manning claims they have done, "ambition, secularity, covetousness, and nationalism," they would have won the esteem of the pious, the confidence of the patriot; they would have become the real benefactors of the nations they have injured and the people they have labored too often to divide or enslave. When they invoke, as Dr. Manning has done, the judgments of God upon republics, they arouse a fearful spirit that can end only in ceaseless strife; when they denounce civil and religious liberty, they condemn the world to utter decay. And it is this extraordinary want of wisdom and humanity that has made the Roman Catholic political element among us the most dangerous to freedom, and has covered with disasters a land in which the Roman Catholic Church has ever found a safe and prosperous home. Thirty years ago there was little apparent prospect of a Roman Catholic supremacy in New York and Boston. The Irish famine intervened, and drove millions of Roman Catholics across the ocean to find ease and a generous welcome in the New World. How they have repaid that kind reception and that liberal support it may be well to inquire. And it will be found that the foreign and Roman Catholic vote has been the source of nearly all the political evils that have afflicted the country and distressed the republic. If freedom lives to-day among us, it is because it has resisted successfully the arts and the arms of the Roman Catholic Church; if it is to be maintained in the future, it will only be because that resistance is strengthened and made perpetual. Dr. Manning and his school have openly told us what they mean, and the war between ultramontanism and republicanism can only end in the suppression of one or the other principle. Nor is it the least alarming trait of our national condition that the foreign hierarchy hold the control of one of our political parties, and that Roman Catholic journals in all sections of the Union have urged their political leaders to seize upon the government by violence. The example of France and M'Mahon may yet lead them to attempt a similar exploit in Washington or New York.

From the Vatican they will receive no lessons of mercy; and it is in the following terms that the Pope holds up the Italian government to the hatred of the papal world. In his allocution he says: "It is now the seventh year since the usurpers of our civil power, trampling under foot every Divine and human right, and in violation of solemn treaties, took advantage of the misfortunes of an illustrious Catholic nation to seize by force of arms what remained of our provinces, and, storming this Holy City, filled the whole Church with sorrow for so great a crime." The will of the people the Pontiff has no respect for, and he incites his followers anew to oppress and enslave the Romans. Such indiscretion would be worthy of little notice were it not the key to the politics of ultramontanism in every country. Compact, resolute, daring, it endangers all existing institutions. "It is a matter of notoriety," says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, "that an aider or abettor of clerical [papal] pretensions is regarded in France as an enemy of France and of Frenchmen; in Germany, as an enemy of Germany and of Germans; in Austria, as an enemy of Austria and Hungary, of both Austrians and Magyars. He is so regarded not by a few wild and revolutionary enthusiasts who have cast away all the beliefs of their childhood and all bonds connecting them with the past, but by a great and increasing majority of sober and conscientious men of all creeds and persuasions, who are filled with a love for their country," etc. But if the clerical politician is so dangerous to the peace of the European governments, how much more so is he with us, who have fallen almost unconscious victims into the power of a political priesthood? How long will it be before the friends of civil and religious liberty in the New World discover their extreme peril? Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 2.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 9.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 16.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 23.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 29.—St. Michael.
Sunday, 30.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

A speech made by the Rev. Dr. M'Cosh at the meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance has been the subject of much comment in the religious press. According to report, he said of American preachers: "Within the last few years there had been in America a great change in the taste for preaching. Scotland had sent over preachers who were holding the highest places, because they brought with them Biblical preaching. There was a New England style of preaching, which consisted in beginning on Monday morning, meditating two or three days, then writing a beautiful thing, and when Saturday came, looking for a text, and having got a text, preaching it to be admired by a great many ladies and gentlemen as rich thought beautifully expressed."

Very naturally the comment on this is unfavorable. The *Christian Intelligencer* says: "The first and chief observation to be made upon this remarkable utterance is that it is not true." The *Presbyterian*: "We sometimes wonder that great and scholarly men are so destitute of ordinary sagacity." The *Examiner and Chronicle*: "We can explain Dr. M'Cosh's astounding assertions only on the theory that he was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the occasion as hardly to be accountable for what he said." The good Princeton president will most likely "rise and explain." No doubt there has been in America a style of preaching such as he describes, but it has not been the predominant style. The great preachers in all the evangelical denominations—Barnes, Boardman, Fuller, the Tyngs, the Alexanders, Durbin, Olin, Simpson—have been pre-eminently Scriptural. Dr. M'Cosh has fallen into the common mistake of taking a part for the whole.

It is now proposed to hold the next International Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations at Paris, during the Exposition of 1878, and not in Brussels, as originally determined.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has again designated St. Andrew's Day, November 30, as a day of intercession for missions. Its general observance in the churches of the Anglican communion is recommended by him. "It will greatly add," says the archbishop, "to the solemnity of the occasion, as well as strengthen our unity in Christ, if our brethren throughout the world will unite in prayer with us."

At the session of the British Wesleyan Conference, which opened in Bristol July 25, the Rev. Dr. W. B. Pope was elected President. The reports of the Committees of Review, which meet in advance of the Conference, show general prosperity during the year. The total number of Wesleyan day schools is 872; scholars, 175,933; total income, £184,589, of which £76,931 were derived from government grants. The Wesleyans sustain also two training colleges for teachers. The number of Sunday-schools is 6095, with 742,419 scholars. The net amount expended during the year for chapel erection and the payment of chapel debts was £277,862; 512 loans are now in operation for the aid of chapels. The capital of the relief loan fund is £42,095; of the erections loan fund, £42,519. The Wesleyan financial system is a marvel of sagacity and good administration.

The English Church Congress meets at Croydon October 9-12. The Archbishop of Canterbury is expected to preside. Professor Lightfoot will preach the opening and the Rev. Canon Farrar the closing sermon. Speakers are divided into a twenty-minute and a fifteen-minute class. Two of the topics announced occupy the thoughts of English Churchmen just now more than all others—"The best means of promoting united action and mutual toleration between different schools of thought within the Church," and "The re-adjustments, if any, desirable in the relations between the Church and the state." Among the speakers announced for the last theme are the Dean of Westminster, Canons Gregory and Ryle, Earl Nelson, and Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the London *Times*.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose financial year closes in September, is likely to meet all expenditures from the current receipts. For the first ten months the donations were less by $21,487 than in the same period of last year, but the legacies have been larger. The next meeting of the Board will be held in Providence.

The sum of £150,000 has been collected for the French Votive Church on the heights of Montmartre. The foundation was laid on the 16th of June, 1876, the day of the dedication of the Catholic world to the devotion of the Sacred Heart. Great difficulty has been experienced in making the ground on Montmartre sufficiently firm for so large a structure.

The "lecturers extraordinary" at Andover Theological Seminary during the coming year will be Dr. A. C. Thompson, on "Foreign Missions," Dr. H. M. Dexter, on the "History of Congregationalism," and Dr. A. H. Clapp, on "Home Missions." Dr. Thompson is now in Europe studying the history of the great Continental missionary societies, Dr. Dexter has spent a year in England investigating the origin of the Congregational system there, and Dr. Clapp is the well-known secretary of the American Home Missionary Society.

Sufficient attention has not been paid to the project of Catholic colonization in the interior of the country now in process of execution. The design is to make the colonies agricultural. The Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, North Carolina, other States of the South, and California have all been urged as suitable for the location of Catholic immigrants. There is a settlement in Nebraska established by General O'Neill, and another in Swift County, Minnesota, known as Bishop Ireland's. In the last-named there are reported to be 300 Catholic families. To draw the Catholics from the great cities and make them land-owners would be a great improvement of their condition—and no little relief to the cities.

The women of Cleveland carry on their Christian temperance work largely under the form of "Friendly Inns." They have now three inns, all on the eastern side of the Cuyahoga River. Each has connected with it a chapel, reading-room, sleeping-rooms, and a restaurant. It may be well to note also, as a sign of progress, that the London *Spectator* advocates the establishment of "coffee taverns" for the working classes, and their management on purely commercial principles. "It is," says this paper, "but seventeen years since Josiah Hunt placed his two cocoa-houses at either end of the Almonbury Tunnel, and the kindly Friends were led by his success to open their little shops at Bristol. Since then, and especially within the last two years, the movement has grown, till now there is scarcely a considerable town in England but has its own coffee tavern or cocoa-house. Here, in London, the movement is fairly active, and half a dozen flourishing taverns have been opened in as many months."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In the House of Peers, during the examination of the magistrates touching the particulars of the Porteous mob in 1736, the Duke of Newcastle having asked the provost with what kind of shot the town guard, commanded by Porteous, had loaded their muskets, received the unexpected reply: "Ou, just sic as ane shoots dukes an' fools wi'." The answer was considered as a contempt of the House of Lords, and the poor provost would have suffered from misconception of his *patois*, had not the Duke of Argyle—who must have been exceedingly amused—explained that the worthy magistrate's expression, when rendered into English, meant to describe the shot used for ducks and water-fowl.

"Mr. Blank appointed a foreign minister, eh?" remarked old Mrs. C——, as she glanced up from the paper she was reading. "Why, he's no minister. He's only a lawyer; and they do say that he can swear like a pirate;" and she stopped reading to meditate upon the degeneracy of the pulpit.

If you think you are too tall, marry an extravagant woman, and you will soon find yourself short enough.

An old bachelor says that the talk of women is usually about men; even their laugh is but "He! he! he!"

"I should have no objection to my wife's reigning," said an affectionate husband, "if it were not the fact that when she reigns she is so apt to storm also."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath;" yet a man caught by his wife dealing soft answers to a pretty widow next door, says he can show scars to prove that the proverb didn't work well in his case.

LIFE'S LETTERS.

BY A VICTIM OF IMPECUNIOSITY.

Out on Cadmus and his letters!
  Life is hateful through his pains,
Men are held in airy fetters,
  Bound in alphabetic chains.

Childhood's hours are gay and sprightly,
  While we wander glad and free,
But how changed is all when tightly
  Captive held by A B C!

Then, again, when man is mated,
  What a joy this world would be,
If it were not dominated
  By the curse of L S D!

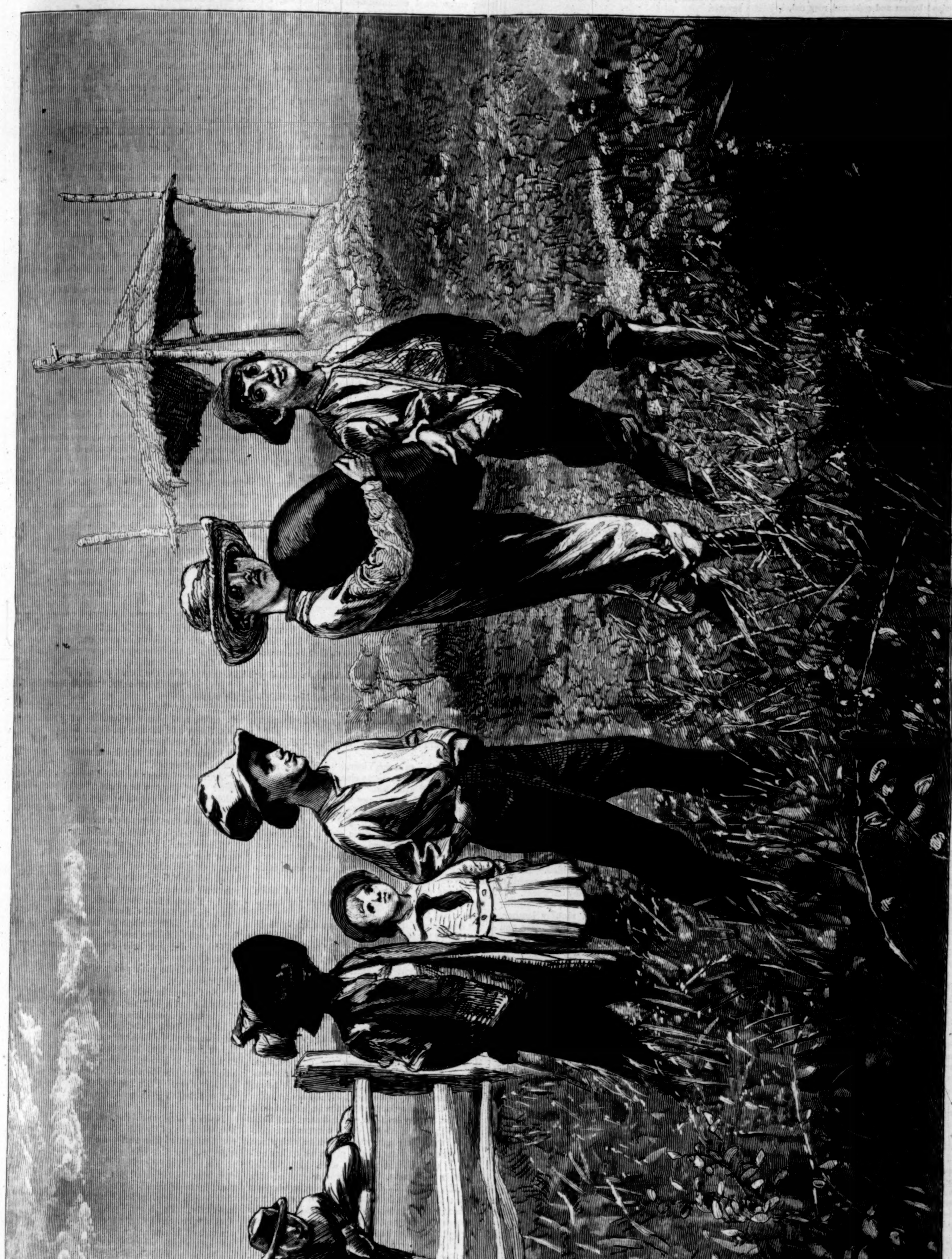
So throughout, with power Titanic,
  Letters all our days pursue;
But the worst and most tyrannic
  Is the hateful I O U.

People learn wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

Curious Statistics.—A woman loses one-tenth of her life in looking for her thimble.

Different Ways of putting it.—This is the scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open, his jaw drops; the tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the suctorial space is obliterated; the soft palate no longer adheres to the roof of the tongue; and, if respiration be carried on through the mouth, the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." And this is the popular form: "If a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when asleep, he will snore."

THE GREAT BLACKVILLE REGATTA—GRAND SPURT AT THE FINISH.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]



ANTICIPATION.—RETURN FROM A MELON SCOUT.—[Drawn by E. A. Abbey.]

SWEETEST PEACHES.

"O PEACHES! brown and gold and rosy red,
Upon celestial dews and sunshine fed,
Where shall I find you fairest?—
Piled up with purple plums and white, sweet grapes
In frosted silver bowls of antique shapes,
Half hid by flowers the rarest?"

"Nay, in some garden, old and warm and sweet,
Where breath of flowers and smell of ripe fruits meet,
And leaves are colored rarest:
There, through the hot and eager afternoons,
And through the patient nights and dewy moons,
Peaches are freshest, fairest."

"O sweet, ripe, scented Peaches! Creamy pink,
And filled with juices that the gods might drink,
Where shall I find you sweetest?—
Where Beauty feasts with Wit, and Love and Song
Speed the gay hours with dancing feet along
To time the gayest, fleetest?"

"No, for the Peaches' rich sweet mystery
Only one other lip should taste with thee;
So, in the autumn weather,
Seek with the One Beloved some garden place,
And, happy in her beauty and her grace,
Eat Peaches there together."

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BEATRIX went back to her room, accompanied by Mrs. Dulcimer and Bella Scratchell. In going through the low, dimly lighted hall she passed a group of figures standing close together near the foot of the staircase. The Vicar, Mr. Namby, and one other, a taller figure than either of the two, a man standing with half-averted face, listening to some remark of Mr. Dulcimer's. Toward this one whose face was hidden Beatrix looked intently; but there was no time for more than that one earnest look, for Mrs. Dulcimer's supporting arm was round her, and Bella was on the other side. Between these sympathizers she was led up the shallow old stairs to the familiar corridor which had to-night so awful and even unknown an air. Death lay yonder in the bed-chamber where the coroner and his jury had gone in silently half an hour ago to look upon the marble form that had so lately been master and owner of all things at the Water House. In the place of that stern ruler there was now only the lifeless clay. A dreadful blankness and emptiness had descended upon the house, so quiet, so lifeless heretofore, but now pervaded with the one idea of death.

Beatrix shivered as she passed the door of the room where her dead father was lying. Mrs. Dulcimer perceived that shuddering recoil, and again suggested that her sweet Beatrix should come to the Vicarage. But again Beatrix was firm.

"Do you think I am frightened at the thought of death?" she asked, bitterly. "My father's life was a living death—to me. He is no further removed from me now than he was yesterday."

"My dear child, if I could stay with you here I would not so much mind," said Mrs. Dulcimer; "but I shall be obliged to go back to the Vicarage almost immediately. There is Clement's tea. He would not think of sitting down to tea without me if he were ever so hungry. And then later in the evening there will be the carol singers. We always give them cake and hot elder wine. So you see, my love, I shall be obliged to go."

Beatrix gave a weary sigh.

"Indeed, dear Mrs. Dulcimer, I shall be better alone," she said. "I am grateful for your kindness, but I would rather be alone. I do not want even Bella, and I am sure it is cruel to keep her in this melancholy house. Do go home, Bella, or go to the Vicarage with Mrs. Dulcimer and hear the carols."

"Beatrix, how can you suppose that I would leave you!" exclaimed Bella; and again Beatrix sighed wearily. It would have been an infinite relief to her to be quite alone. She had recognized Cyril in that little group in the hall, and he had let her pass without one word of consolation, without one pitying look. He must have known that she was passing, she told herself, and he had kept his face averted, he had stood coldly by and made no sign of sympathy or kindly feeling.

Mrs. Dulcimer tied her bonnet strings, kissed Beatrix repeatedly, promised to come and see her directly after morning service next day, and then hurried off to superintend the Vicar's substantial evening meal.

"I shouldn't be surprised if Kenrick was to pop in upon us to-night," she said, as she was going away. "He promised to spend Christmas with us."

Beatrix gave a little start at Kenrick's name. He was so near Cyril in her mind, and just now she was deeply moved by Cyril's strange coldness.

Mrs. Dulcimer saw her startled look, and had an inward movement of triumph. Here was one of her good-natured schemes assuredly about to prosper. Kenrick had evidently made an impression upon Beatrix; and death had made Beatrix mistress of a splendid fortune.

"I only hope that foolish boy will remember his engagement to eat his Christmas dinner with us," thought the Vicar's wife, as she trudged sturdily homeward with her petticoats held well out of the mud, and her country-made boots defying the sloshy road.

When Mrs. Dulcimer had gone, the two girls sat at opposite sides of the hearth, very much as they had been seated the night before, only there was no pretense of reading to-night. Beatrix sat looking idly at the fire, with great melancholy eyes; Bella watched her, ready to offer any scrap of consolation which might suggest itself.

"It seems painfully clear that my father committed suicide," Beatrix said, at the end of a long reverie.

"Oh, I hope not," exclaimed Bella, piously. "We must not think that, dear. He may have taken an overdose of laudanum."

"Yes, if he had been in the habit of taking laudanum. But he was not."

"How can you know that? Poor Mr. Harefield was so reserved. He lived so much apart from you."

"But if he had taken laudanum habitually somebody would have known of it. Peacock, for instance, who always waited upon him. No, Bella, there was something in that Italian's visit. I believe my father poisoned himself."

"But why?"

"For the last ten years his life has been one long regret. Yes. I am sure of that now. His coldness and unkindness to me were the growth of despair. He told me that he had closed his heart against all human affection ten years ago. That was the time of my mother's death. And last night those long years of grief culminated in a paroxysm of despair; and in a rash moment—a moment in which he was not responsible for his actions—he threw away his life."

"But how did he come by the poison?" asked Bella. "He must have obtained the poison somehow. That would be a deliberate act—just as deliberate as yours when you went into six different chemists' shops."

"Why do you look at me like that, Bella?" inquired Beatrix, struck by something curious in the other's intent gaze. "Do you suppose that I did not tell the truth about the laudanum I bought at Great Yafford?"

"I know you told the truth. I was with you in the pony carriage, you know. Don't you remember my asking the meaning of all those little packages? I was only thinking, just now, that had I been you, I don't think I should have told about that laudanum."

"Why not? There was no harm in my buying it. I had as much right to buy that as any other medicine."

"Of course, dear. But still I am sorry you told about it."

"Why, in goodness' name?"

"Because it might make a bad impression upon some people—people who don't know you as your friends know you. People who think that you and your father lived unhappily together. It might put curious ideas into their heads."

"Bella, what do you mean?" cried Beatrix, starting up from her chair. "Do you mean that there is any creature on this earth so vile in mind and heart as to be capable of believing that I poisoned my father?"

"My dear Beatrix, there are people wicked enough to be ready to believe any thing evil of those who are richer than themselves."

"I am sorry such a hideous suggestion should come from you, Bella," said Beatrix, coldly.

Bella saw that she had gone a little too far, and knelt down by her dear Beatrix's chair, and tried to soothe the irritation her suggestions had caused. Beatrix's wounded feeling was not easily appeased.

"If such a thing can enter into the mind of my earliest friend—my old playfellow—what measure of evil am I to expect from strangers?" she said.

"My dearest Beatrix, have I been speaking of my own thoughts? I only said I was sorry you mentioned those unfortunate purchases at Yafford."

"I shall never be sorry for having spoken the truth."

Mrs. Dulcimer had her wish gratified. At the gate of the Vicarage a large and blundering vehicle loomed upon her through the rainy darkness. It was one of the Great Yafford flies, a cumbrous conveyance of wood, iron, and mouldy leather, which Mr. Bollen, of the George, innkeeper and postmaster, facetiously called a landau.

"Have you brought any one from the town?" asked Mrs. Dulcimer.

"Yes, mum; I've bringed a gen'leman from t' steation."

Mrs. Dulcimer went into the house delighted. She forgot the awfulness of things at the Water House, forgot every thing but this propitious arrival of Sir Kenrick.

"My dear Kenrick," she exclaimed, making a friendly rush at the newly arrived guest as he stood in the hall talking to the Vicar, "how good of you to remember your promise!"

"My dear Mrs. Dulcimer, do you suppose there is any house in which I would sooner spend my Christmas than in this? But what terrible news this is about Mr. Harefield."

"Is it not awful? Poor Beatrix, without a relative, and with hardly a friend except Clement and myself. With her great wealth, too—for now she is mistress of every thing."

"There is no one else, I suppose, to whom Mr. Harefield can have left his estates?"

"Not a creature. He lived like a hermit, and Beatrix is his only child. It is a great fortune for a girl to be mistress of."

"Is it really so large a fortune?" inquired Kenrick, in a conversational tone, taking off his coat and wraps.

"Immense. Mr. Harefield's mother was old Mr. Pynsent's only daughter, and a great heiress. There is the Lincolnshire property. I have heard Mr. Scratchell say that it brings in more than the Yorkshire estate."

"In round numbers, Beatrix will have something like ten thousand a year," said the Vicar, rather impatiently. "A great deal too much money for any young woman, and likely to be a burden instead of a blessing."

"Not if she marries an honorable man, Clement," remonstrated Mrs. Dulcimer. "All depends upon how she marries. She ought to marry some one who can give her position. She does not want a rich husband."

Mr. Dulcimer sighed.

"If our English Church had what it ought to have, educational establishments for women, I should recommend Beatrix to avoid the rocks and shoals of matrimony, and bestow her wealth upon such an institution. She could live happily as the foundress and superior of a Protestant convent, like Madame De Maintenon at St. Cyr."

"With this difference," said Sir Kenrick. "Madame De Maintenon was an old woman, and had had two husbands."

"But her only period of happiness was at St. Cyr."

"So she said; yet she intrigued considerably to be Queen of France, *à la main gauche*."

"Clement!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, looking the image of horror. "The word convent makes me shudder. When a Protestant clergyman talks approvingly of convents, people may well say we are drifting toward Rome."

"Please, mum, the fowls are getting as cold as ice," said Rebecca at the door of the dining-room. "Do let me take your bonnet and shawl, mum."

They all went in, Mrs. Dulcimer having removed her wraps and shaken out her frillings hastily. The dining table looked the picture of comfort, with its composite meal, half tea, half supper, a pair of fowls roasted to what Rebecca called "a turn," a dish of Yorkshire ham, a cold sirloin and a winter salad, made as only Rebecca, taught by the Vicar himself, could make salads. Kenrick had a fine appetite after his long, damp journey from the south.

All tea-time the talk was of Mr. Harefield and Beatrix. The Vicar had been in the little group of listeners standing by the door of the Water House dining-room, and had heard the whole of the coroner's inquiry.

"That poor girl ought to have somebody to watch the proceedings on her behalf," said Mr. Dulcimer. "I shall go over to Great Yafford on Wednesday and see Mivers. He is about the cleverest lawyer in the town."

"Mr. Scratchell would surely protect Beatrix's interests," suggested Mrs. Dulcimer.

"Mr. Scratchell is very good as a collector of rents, but I do not give him credit for being exactly the man for a critical position."

"What do you mean by a critical position, Clement?" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer.

"I mean that Beatrix's position is a very critical one. Her admission that she bought laudanum at six different shops within one week of her father's death by that poison, is calculated to raise very painful suspicions in the minds of those who do not know the girl's nature as well as you and I do."

"Oh, Clement, how dreadful!"

"To protect her against such suspicion she must have a clever lawyer at her back. Mr. Harefield must have got the laudanum that killed him somewhere or other. The mode and manner of his getting it ought to be found out before this day week."

"It must be found out!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer. "Kenrick, you will help this poor ill-used girl, will you not? Your chivalry will be aroused in her defense."

"I am sure if I can be of any use—" faltered Kenrick.

"You can't," said the Vicar. "A clever lawyer will be of use—and no one else. I shall write to Mivers directly after tea."

"Has Miss Harefield any idea that the admission she made about the laudanum may be dangerous?" inquired Kenrick.

"Not the slightest. Poor girl, she is simply dazed—that is the word—dazed! She did not even want me to stay with her. She did not care whether I staid or went away. Her brain is in a state of stupor."

"It was very lucky for her that she did make that statement about her purchase of the laudanum," said the Vicar.

"But why, if the admission was likely to do her harm?" asked Kenrick.

"Because to have concealed the fact would have done her more harm. The chemists from whom she bought the stuff would have talked about it."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Dulcimer, "every thing is talked about in Great Yafford. Though it is such a large town, it is almost as bad as a village for gossip."

Not at the Vicarage only, but at every tea table in Little Yafford, the inquest at the Water House was the only theme for conversation. Though very few people save those actually concerned had crossed the threshold of the house during the inquiry, yet every body seemed to know all about it. They knew what the butler had said, what Mr. Namby had said, what Beatrix and Bella had said; how each and every witness had looked; and the different degrees of emotion with which each particular witness had given his or her evidence. Opinions at present were distinguished by their vagueness. There was a general idea that Mr. Harefield's death was a very mysterious affair; that a great deal more would come out at the next inquiry; that the butler and Bella Scratchell were both keeping back a great deal; that Beatrix and her father had lived much more unhappily together than any body had hitherto suspected; that Beatrix, being of Italian origin on the mother's side, was likely to do strange things. In support of which sweeping conclusion the better informed gossips cited the examples of Lucretia Borgia, Beatrice Cenci, and a young woman christened Bianca, whose surname nobody was able to remember.

Late in the evening Cyril Culverhouse came to the Vicarage. He had promised to be there to hear the carol singers, in whom, as his own scholars, he was bound to be interested. He was looking pale and worried, and Mrs. Dulcimer immediately suggested a tumbler of Rebecca's port-wine negus, a restorative which the curate obstinately refused.

"I am a little anxious about your friend Miss Harefield," he said. "I have written to a London lawyer to come down here immediately and protect her interests."

"And I have written to Mr. Mivers of Great Yafford," said the Vicar. "She ought to be well looked after between us."

"You were with her after the inquest, Mrs. Dulcimer," said Cyril. "How did she seem?"

"Dazed," exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, exactly as she had exclaimed before. "There is no other word for it. She reminded me of a sleep-walker."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GLOOMY DAYS.

MRS. DULCIMER called at the Water House after the morning service on Christmas-day. She found Beatrix alone, and very quiet, disinclined to talk of her grief, or indeed to talk about any subject whatever. Bella had gone to assist at the early dinner at the Park, or, in other words, to see that the juvenile Pipers did not gorge themselves with turkey and pudding.

"You ought not to have let Bella leave you, my love," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "It is dreadful for you to be alone."

"Dear Mrs. Dulcimer, Bella can not do me any good. She can not bring my father back to life, or explain the awful mystery of his death. I insisted upon her going to the Park to-day. I am really better alone."

"My poor Beatrix, I can not understand you."

"Am I so eccentric in liking to sit by my fireside quietly and suffer in silence?" asked Beatrix, with a wintry smile. "I should have thought any one would have preferred that to being the object of perpetual consolation."

This was a strong-minded view of the case which Mrs. Dulcimer could by no means understand. It seemed to remove Beatrix further away from her. But then she had always been able to get on better with Bella than Beatrix.

"You are not without friends, Beatrix, and advisers in this hour of trouble," she said, encouragingly. And then she told Beatrix about the two lawyers to whom the Vicar and his curate had written.

"Strange, was it not, that Cyril and my husband should both think of the same thing?"

"Very strange," said Beatrix, deeply thoughtful.

"You see, my dear, the important question is, where did your father get the laudanum?"

"Oh, I think I know that," answered Beatrix.

"You know, and did not tell the coroner! How very foolish."

"I did not think of it yesterday. I could think of nothing. I felt as if I had lost myself in some hideous dream. But this morning, in my mother's room—I am free to go into my mother's room now—the idea occurred to me. It must have been there my poor father found the laudanum."

"How do you know that?" asked Mrs. Dulcimer, eagerly.

Beatrix described her former visit to her mother's room, and how she had found a medicine chest there, and in the medicine chest a bottle half full of laudanum.

"I looked at the bottle this morning," she said, "and it was empty."

"And your father was found lying dead in that room? Nothing can be clearer," exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer. "The coroner ought to be communicated with immediately. How glad Clement will be! This will stop people's mouths."

"What people?" asked Beatrix.

"Those horrid people who are always ready to think the worst of their neighbors. I shall go back to the Vicarage at once. Clement ought to know without a moment's delay. How I wish you could eat your Christmas dinner with us, poor child. Kenrick has come back, looking so handsome, and so full of Culverhouse Castle. What a noble old place it must be, and what a pity he can not afford to live in it!"

Beatrix did not hear a word about Culverhouse Castle.

"Cyril will be with you too, I suppose?" she said, presently.

"No; it's extremely tiresome. Poor Cyril has one of his bad headaches, and says his only chance of getting through his evening duty is to keep quietly at home between the services. I feel quite annoyed. We have such a superb turkey. Rebecca chose it at Moyle's farm six weeks ago. It was a great fierce creature, and flew at her like a tiger when she went into the poultry-yard. Well, good-by, dear. Pray keep up your spirits. Clement will be so glad to know about the laudanum."

Beatrix sat alone till the twilight gathered round her, thinking of Cyril. To-day, for the first time, she thought of her own position, which was assuredly a horrible one. But she contemplated it without a shadow of fear. Bella's speech yesterday, Mrs. Dulcimer's hints to-day, had shown her that, in their minds at least, it seemed possible that people might suspect her of being her father's murderer. There were people who would think that she, to whom crime seemed as far off as the stars, had blossomed all at once into the most deliberate and vilest of criminals. Could this really be so? Where there people capable of believing such a thing? Why was not Cyril near her in this hour of doubt and trouble? Mrs. Dulcimer came with her good-natured attempts at consolation, but he, her natural consoler, held himself aloof now when there was no one to bar the door against him. Was it delicacy that kept him away? Yes, possibly. He might consider it an outrage against that silent master of the house to cross his threshold unbidden.

"By-and-by, after the funeral, he will come," she thought.

He had entered the house yesterday as one of the public. She had seen him in the hall, but he had either not seen her, or had not chosen to recognize her. These things were bitter to her, but

she fancied there must be some wise meaning in his conduct which she could not fathom.

"But he might, at least, have written to me," she thought, piteously.

Bella came home from the Park by-and-by, full of the history of her day, trying to change the current of Beatrix's thoughts by talking briskly of all that had happened in the Piper ménage. Mr. Piper had been wonderfully kind, and had insisted upon the brougham being brought out to take her back to the Water House.

"I have no doubt the coachman and page hate me for bringing them out this damp evening," said Bella, "but Mr. Piper would not let me come any other way. 'What's the use of having a lot of 'osses eating their 'eads off, and a lot of idle fellers standing about chewing straw?' he said. 'It'll do 'em all good to 'ave a turn.'"

"How was poor Mrs. Piper?" Beatrix asked, languidly.

"Not any better. She had to dine in her own room. It was dreadful to see all those children stuffing turkey and pudding and mince-pies, and making themselves spectacles of gluttony at dessert, without a thought of their poor mother, whose last Christmas-day was passing by—for I really don't think Mrs. Piper can live to see another Christmas."

"Then you dined alone with Mr. Piper and the children?" inquired Beatrix, in the same listless tone.

"Not quite alone. Miss Coyney was there."

Miss Coyney was a maiden lady of intense gentility, who possessed a small annuity—bestowed on her by the head of the house of Coyney, which was supposed to be a family of distinction—and who inhabited one of the prettiest cottages in Little Yafford, a rustic bower with white plastered walls, a porch of green trellis-work, curtained with clematis and woodbine, and a bandboxical neatness within and without. The cottage was so small that a single friend dropping in to tea filled it to overflowing, insomuch that the small servant could hardly turn the corner of the parlor door with the tea-tray. This smallness Miss Coyney found economical. She visited a great deal in Little Yafford, and was not called upon to exercise any hospitality in return.

"With my poor little place it would be ridiculous to talk about giving parties," she used to say; "but if my friends will drop in upon me any afternoon they will always find a good cup of tea."

Thus Miss Coyney contrived to cry quits with the best people in Yafford at the cost of a cup of tea. Even Mrs. Dulcimer—who prided herself upon the superiority of her tea—confessed that Miss Coyney excelled as a tea-maker, and would condescend to drop in at the cottage once in a way, on a hot summer afternoon when the roads were ankle-deep in dust and seemed longer than usual. Miss Coyney had not only tea to offer for the refreshment of the body, but she generally had some scrap of news for the entertainment of her visitor's mind. She was a wonderful woman in this way, and seemed always to be the first to know every thing that occurred in Little Yafford.

"Oh, Miss Coyney was there, was she?" said Beatrix.

"Yes. She has been at the Park a good deal since the beginning of Mrs. Piper's illness. She goes to sit with poor Mrs. Piper almost every afternoon, and they talk of the wickedness of servants. Miss Coyney's father kept seven servants—four in-door and three out-door. I have heard her describe them all again and again. They seem to have been models; but Miss Coyney said they belonged to a race that has disappeared off the face of the earth—like the Drift people, or the poor Swiss creatures who lived in the lakes. You may imagine how lively it is to hear Miss Coyney and Mrs. Piper bewailing the iniquities of the present race."

"Did Miss Coyney speak about my father—or me?" asked Beatrix, with an anxious look.

She remembered meeting Miss Coyney at the Vicarage two or three times, and she had a vague notion that if this lady had assisted at a memorable scene when the sinless among the crowd were bidden to cast the first stone, she would assuredly have been ready with her pebble.

Bella looked embarrassed at the question.

"She did talk a little," she faltered. "Mr. Piper and Miss Coyney. You know how vulgar and coarse he is—and I'm afraid she is not so good-natured as she pretends to be. But you must not be unhappy about any thing such people can say."

"Do you think I am going to make myself unhappy about it? Do you suppose I care what such people say, or think of me?" exclaimed Beatrix, irritably.

"You must not imagine that they said any thing very bad, dear," said Bella, soothingly.

"I shall not imagine any thing about them; their remarks are perfectly indifferent to me."

"Of course, dear. What need you care what any body says—or thinks—with your fortune? You can look down upon the world."

"With my fortune!" echoed Beatrix, scornfully. "I do not know whether I have sixpence belonging to me in this world, and I do not very much care. Indeed, I think I would just as soon be without fortune. I should find out what the world was like then."

"Ah!" sighed Bella; "you would see it 'the seamy side without.' It is a very rough world on the wrong side, I assure you."

Beatrix did not answer. She was wondering how it would be if her father had left his estates away from her. If she were to find herself standing in the bleak, hard world, penniless as the beggar-maid chosen by King Cophetua! Would Cyril, her king, in her mind the one pre-eminent man upon earth—would he, the true and noble lover, heedless of fortune, descend from his high estate to win her? She could not doubt that it would be so. Wealth or poverty could make no difference in him.

[TO BE CONTIN D.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, of August 1, announces the arrival there on the previous evening of the distinguished party of naturalists now visiting Colorado and the West in company with Professor HAYDEN. These, as already noted in our columns, are Sir J. D. HOOKER, the first of living botanists, and director of the Kew Gardens in London, General STACHEY, and Professors ASA GRAY and JOSEPH LEIDY. Dr. R. H. LAMBORN, of Philadelphia, accompanies them for the purpose of securing facilities of travelling in Colorado.

Brief mention has been made in the papers of the examinations made by Lieutenant WYSE in reference to the Darien Canal. This is a French undertaking, under the charge of Lieutenant WYSE, assisted by Lieutenant RÉCLUS, Captain BIXIO, and a number of experts. The party reached Panama on the 3d of December, 1876, and, accompanied by M. AIZPURU, the President of the State, they commenced their labors at Chopigana, on the Gulf of San Miguel, which they found to be a fine harbor. They have recently completed their survey, but the details have not been published. It is understood, however, that the canal will be 143 miles in length, of which the forty-six miles of the Atrato and forty-three of the Tuyra can be rendered navigable at small expense. The height of the waters will be at the head of the Tihule, and does not exceed 230 feet. At this point, according to Dr. MAACK, the geologist of the American expedition (his opinion being indorsed by the geologist of the WYSE expedition), the two oceans formerly communicated, and were separated by an upheaval in the tertiary period.

The death is announced in June last of Mr. JOHN J. GRIFFIN, at the age of seventy-five. He was best known in the department of chemistry and mineralogy, and published several works of more or less value. He was also editor of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

The capture of white whales in the St. Lawrence for aquaria has become quite a business, the principal demand being from the aquarium at Cincinnati, and that at New York (at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway) and its branch at Coney Island. So far, the city establishments have not been successful in securing and retaining these animals, four having died either on their way or soon after their arrival. Two, however, at Coney Island are reported as being in excellent health, fat, lively, and vigorous. These are fed entirely upon small eels.

An important addition to the organization of the WOODRUFF scientific expedition has lately been made by the establishment of a corps of cadets for the voyage, as distinguished from the students. These will have the same educational advantages and facilities, if they desire them, as the students, will sleep in hammocks, and be provided with rations equal to those furnished to the United States cadets at the Military Academy. A uniform and undress clothing of suitable character will be furnished by the management to each cadet free of cost, and he will be allowed to bring 200 pounds of baggage. The fee for cadets will be $2500 for the two years' service, instead of $5000 paid by the students.

The abundance of salmon in the Columbia River, Oregon, has been a subject of frequent remark; and that it was inexhaustible has been generally assumed, this, too, in face of the opposite experience with other rivers equally prolific in former years.

A rude check to the anticipations of a permanent supply of salmon was experienced last year, when a positive diminution was appreciable even to the most sanguine. Alarmed at the threatened danger, an application was made to Congress, in behalf of the canning interest, for an appropriation to prosecute the business of artificial hatching, but the bill failed to become a law. An organization has, however, lately been effected, by which the work is to be done at the expense of the parties most interested.

The United States Fish Commissioner was requested to take the matter in charge, and to detail some one of his corps to superintend the erection of a suitable hatching house, and the starting of the work. In compliance with this request, Mr. LIVINGSTON STONE, who is in charge of the United States salmon-hatching establishment on the M'Cloud River, California, proceeded to the Columbia, arriving there on the 11th of June, after an overland journey from the M'Cloud. He finds every thing favorable for his enterprise, and will probably soon begin the work of hatching out and planting in the river many millions of fish.

Anticipating the possibility of some such action, the United States Fish Commission sent Mr. STONE out several years ago to examine the river and ascertain the most suitable place for a hatching house, so that this gentleman was enabled to proceed directly to his work without any loss of time.

It may be well to state that recent information shows that the fears above referred to were well founded, and that a very decided decrease of salmon in the Columbia River is indicated for the year 1877.

An improvement in the burners of petroleum oils and other hydrocarbons has lately been patented by Mr. WHITESTONE in England, in which the wick is formed of several pieces of porous pottery, which clip between them spun glass and asbestus and other incombustible fibres. These fibres project down into the oil and feed the wick. Increased safety and greater efficiency and durability are claimed for this invention.

Quite an excitement has existed of late in Great Britain in regard to the action of Sir WYVILLE THOMPSON in the distribution of the specimens collected by the *Challenger*, Dr. P. MARTIN DUNCAN, president of the Zoological Society, leading the opposition, and calling for an explanation of the reasons why he had intrusted a material portion of the work to foreigners, instead of confining it to home naturalists. Sir WYVILLE, however, in rejoinder remarks that out of he twenty-three sections into which the collections, so far, have been divided, seven only have been intrusted to foreigners, one, Dr. GÜNTHER, being the head of the zoological department of the British Museum, and, as we may presume, naturalized in Great Britain. Two are Americans, Mr. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ and Mr. THEODORE LYMAN, to whom have been assigned the echinidæ and the ophiuridæ respectively. Professor OSCAR SCHMIDT takes charge of the sponges; Professor HAECKEL of the radiolarians; and Professor CLAUS will probably have the higher crustacea. These assignments Sir WYVILLE claims to have been made in the interest of science, as there are no specialists in England so competent as the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned, nor so well able to do justice to the subject.

He calls attention to the distribution of the collections made by the *Hassler*, under Professor AGASSIZ, a vessel having the same objects as the *Challenger*, although not operating on so large a scale, nor for so long a time; yet of the sixteen divisions, only four were worked up by Americans, the rest having been assigned to Europeans, two of them, Professor JEFFREYS and Professor ALLMAN, being Englishmen.

That the action of Sir WYVILLE has been acceptable to the men of true science in Great Britain is shown by his having received the indorsement of such men as Dr. HOOKER, Professor HUXLEY, Mr. CHARLES DARWIN, Professor MIVART, Professor FLOWER, Dr. SCLATER, Mr. SALVIN, and others.

Dr. VON FRANTZIUS is to be added to the list of writers who have endeavored to ascertain the original home of the European domestic ox, and he comes to the conclusion that it must have been in existence during the diluvial period in Africa, from which continent it was transported to other portions of the globe.

Among the various substances used in France for the destruction of the phylloxera and other noxious insects is the sulphide of carbon; and for the purpose of determining the extent to which its influences are felt in the soil, Mr. GASTIN instituted various experiments. The result of these showed that in porous earth the vapors of the sulphide involve a radius of over three feet from the point of introduction, and that the influence continues for several days.

The cause of natural history education in this country has experienced a severe loss in the recent death of SANBORN TENNEY, Professor of Natural History at Williams College, few persons occupying his position having been so successful in imparting instruction connected with his professorship, and enlisting the interest of students. His text-book of zoology has for many years been the principal manual of instruction in the United States, proving eminently adapted to its object.

At the time of his death he was about taking charge of an extended expedition, composed of students of Williams College, for the scientific exploration of a portion of the Rocky Mountain region. This was in continuation of previous explorations of a somewhat similar character sent out by the college, for the most part organized by the College Lyceum of Natural History—Labrador, Florida, Venezuela, and other countries having been successively explored.

He was just about leaving Buchanan, Michigan, to join the rest of his party at Chicago, when he was suddenly struck down by an attack of heart-disease on the 10th of July.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE wealthy sojourners at Newport or Long Branch, or even the weekly visitors to the more democratic shores of Coney Island, can not appreciate the blessings which the free baths of New York city bestow upon its humbler poor. There are now six of these baths under the control of the Department of Public Works, which are opened daily, on alternate days for men and women, from the first of June till the end of September. Although the arrangements connected with these baths may not be above criticism, yet, on the whole, careful observation will find that they are ably and satisfactorily managed. Thousands avail themselves of the benefit of these baths daily, and the number is constantly increasing. Good order is always maintained, a policeman being in constant attendance. Occasionally the boys in their wild fun make a little trouble, the men are generally obedient to the rules, and orderly conduct is almost invariably found among the women and girls. Towels and bathing dresses are provided at a small charge for those who wish for them, and the question has lately arisen whether this practice may not be the means of communicating disease. Unless these articles are properly cleansed, they are certainly capable of spreading contagious diseases to a wide extent, and there is no guarantee that the cleansing process is thorough enough to prevent this danger. Bathers are now more generally providing their own dresses, and it seems to be only a wise precaution to add this to the rules of these establishments.

The asbestus found in the valley of Aosta is being converted in the Tivoli paper mills into a fire-proof fabric which can be sold very cheaply, and which is expected to be largely utilized in theatres and other buildings where a fire may cause a great loss of life.

Since the commencement of their task, the English revisers of the Old Testament have held forty-five sessions, each of several days' duration. They have gone as far as Joel, first chapter, seventh verse.

The body of General Custer has been taken from Fort Abraham Lincoln to Poughkeepsie, and transferred to the cemetery vault in that city, where it will remain until October. This postponement of the funeral is for the purpose of giving General Custer's old army friends abroad an opportunity to participate in the exercises. A written certificate from the post surgeon at Fort Abraham Lincoln was on the box containing the body, testifying that the remains inclosed were those of General Custer.

The vexed question as to how often vaccination is needful is again discussed by the London *Lancet*, which distinctly deprecates the frequent repetition of revaccination as being useless and tending to unsettle the minds of people in regard to its preservative power. It states that revaccination, once efficiently performed at or after puberty, need never be repeated. The nurses and other servants of the London small-pox hospital, when they enter the service, are invariably submitted to vaccination, which in their case is generally revaccination, and is never afterward repeated; and so perfect is the protection that, though the nurses live in the closest and most constant attendance on small-pox patients, and though also the other servants are in various ways exposed to special chances of infection, the resident surgeon of the hospital, during his forty-one years of office there, has never known small-pox affect any of these nurses or servants.

Bank of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn; they have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years in the same place, Laverstoke, in Hampshire, and by the same family, the Portals, who are descended from some French Protestant refugees.

The London *Lancet* warns it readers to guard against all sudden changes from a low to a high temperature, and remarks that it is forgotten that the increased temperature must be measured by the elevation which has recently taken place, not the number of degrees of heat at present recorded. The registered temperature may be more or less than that which occurred a year ago, but its immediate effects on the organism will be determined by the conditions which have preceded it and the violence of the change.

In former times Peru has supplied enormous quantities of silver, but in recent years, owing to the great depth attained by the shafts and the remote position of the principal mines, the industry has fallen into stagnation. It is now proposed to obviate both difficulties by connecting the silver-bearing territory with Lima by light lines of railway, and to run a tunnel under some of the chief workings, in order to tap the ore at a low depth. Bolivia and Chili appear to be nearly as rich as Peru in the precious commodity.

Considerable attention has been recently given to the examination of the eyes of school-children and students in high schools and colleges. The result shows that a very large proportion are near-sighted, or in some way afflicted with defective vision. It has also been shown by facts that the percentage of imperfect eyes increases with the time spent in study. For example, in the New York Free College the proportion of myopic eyes was found in the first three classes to be 29.40, 34.75, and 53 per cent. respectively. In the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, 30 per cent. in the academic department were near-sighted, and in the collegiate department, 28.5 per cent. Dr. C. R. Agnew, in commenting upon these facts and others of similar kind, expresses the opinion that the damage done to the eyes in the process of education is to be taken as an indication of the damage done to other portions of the body, and that all this is entirely wrong. The child should and would grow stronger and better during the process of education if all his organs were equally and fully exercised in the right direction. Dr. Agnew proposes better care at home and at school as the remedy. Children are seldom taught how to use their eyes properly. They make themselves near-sighted, and by wrong use interfere with the nourishment of the eye.

Inventors are hard at work on electric lights, and the *Scientific American* says that undoubtedly electricity will soon supersede all other artificial substances for illumination.

Among the Clouds is a neat little newspaper printed daily on the summit of Mount Washington—of course only during "the season." It contains various items of interest, chiefly relating to travel among the mountains, hotels, arrivals, weather, etc. According to the reports from the Signal Service station on the summit of Mount Washington, the lowest temperature during the month of July was thirty-four degrees, on the 13th and 14th, and the highest temperature was sixty-three degrees, on the 16th and 27th of July.

The steamers which carry visitors to Mount Desert pass along the waters of a dangerous and rocky coast. But the captains who have these boats in their charge have a high reputation for carefulness and skill. It is said of one of them that he will allow no one to speak to him while the boat is under way, as when the fog is very dense he has to depend in a measure upon the singing of birds and other sounds from the shore for the safe guidance of the boat.

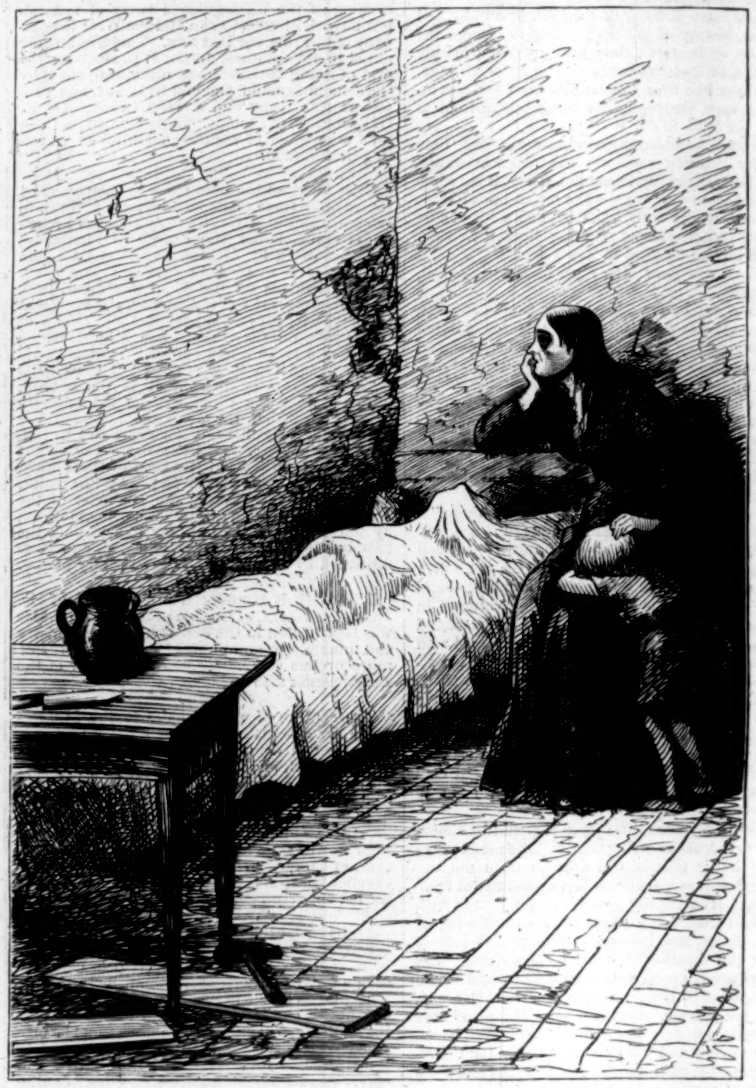
The London *Times* gives a valuable suggestion for the prevention of suffocation by smoke. It is simply a pillow-case well saturated with water, with a small hole torn in it to look through, and placed loosely over the head. Experiments proved that this impromptu respirator was entirely successful.

Alpine tourists will this year have an opportunity of observing a new and unprecedented phenomenon. In the neighborhood of the small town of Bourg St. Maurice is a mountain called the "Bec Rouge," which is 7500 feet above the sea-level. This mountain is at the present moment tumbling to pieces. The blocks of solid stone of which it is, as it were, built up, are crumbling away, and the whole side of the mountain appears to be in course of pouring itself down into the plain. The scene is described by a member of the French Alpine Club as magnificent in the extreme. The bowlders which detach themselves are often of immense size, and they leap down a steep slope at an extremely rapid pace, crushing literally to match-wood the trees and saplings which they encounter. The noise made by the descending masses resembles dull and distant peals of thunder.

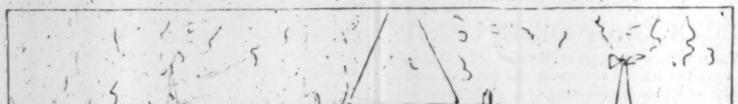
A Boston paper says that seals are getting quite plentiful on the Eastern coast. Two girls connected with the laundry of the Rose Standish House, Hingham, have succeeded in taming two seals, by feeding them, so that they come regularly up to the wharf to be fed.

An amusing story comes from Constantinople. The Sultan was suffering much from toothache, and the dentist, having inspected the royal patient's teeth, declared that one of them must be drawn. In order to give the Sultan nerve, a negro was brought to his room and had a tooth extracted. Sambo bore the operation so very badly that it had just the opposite effect of what was intended, and the Sultan, thinking the remedy worse than the disease, declined to submit himself to the forceps. A little later the faulty tooth again made itself felt, and again the Sultan sent for the dentist, and again he replied that the tooth must come out. So a second negro was summoned and underwent torture. He squalled louder than the first, and a second time Abdul-Hamid declined to be relieved through such an ordeal. The attacks of toothache continued to recur, and the latest information is that eight negroes have been operated upon, but the Sultan has not.

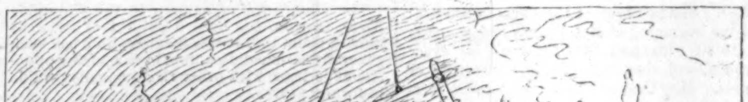
THE STRIKER—HALF A LOAF.



THE STRICKEN—NO BREAD.



THE STOCKHOLDER—HALF A LOAF.



THE STOCKHOLDER—NO BREAD—THE SHERIFF'S SALE.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

THE FLIGHT FROM RUSTCHUK—AN OLD TURK AND HIS HAREM WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

DURING the late bombardment of Rustchuk the Turkish quarter was naturally the point toward which the Russians principally directed their fire. The part of the town inhabited by Bulgarians was spared, but nothing less than absolute destruction of every dwelling ever inhabited by a Turk satisfied the attacking army. These unfortunate victims of Russian fury were compelled to leave the town during the early days of the bombardment, and as the railway communication between Rustchuk and the neighboring towns was very imperfect, it not unfrequently happened that some unfortunate Moslem, like the one in our engraving, was compelled to wait, surrounded by his household belongings, both animate and inanimate, for several hours in anxious expectation of some dilatory train.

What a source of distress such a summary ejectment from house and home must be to the jealous and irascible Turks is easily imagined when we think of the secrecy observed by them in regard to every thing connected with their domestic life. To even speak to a Turk of the women of his household is considered the grossest possible breach of etiquette and politeness. According to THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, "it is forbidden to make the slightest allusion, even indirectly, to this delicate subject, and of course all such phrases as 'How is your wife to-day?' commonplace as they are to us, are quite banished from conversation. The most ferociously bearded and turbaned Turk would blush like a school-girl if he were to hear an inquiry so outrageously improper." The old Turk in our picture seems to accept the situation with a certain amount of philosophy, but we can not imagine that he is by any means indifferent to his humiliating position, or that he is not inwardly gnashing his teeth over the glances bestowed upon the ladies of his harem by the curious by-standers.

It is not so clear, however, that the novelty of their position is so disagreeable to the ladies themselves, for of late the fair inmates of the harem have shown a disposition to display their charms in the streets, and attract the admiration of strangers, that has brought upon them the indignation of the Turkish authorities. Not long ago a firman was issued at Constantinople expressly relating to the dress of women. This remarkable edict reads that the head of the

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA GIVING CIGARETTES TO TURKISH WOUNDED PRISONERS AT SIMNITZA.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR IN THE EAST.

police, "sees with regret that certain Turkish women, unmindful of their dignity, walk about the streets and bazars attired in a manner not at all in keeping with the established usages and regulations. Their feredjes, instead of being of a sombre and uniform tint, are dyed with the most varied and fantastic colors. Their yashmaks, instead of forming a veil of thick material, are made of light gauze. Their feet, instead of being shod in the ancient and simple yellow slipper, are confined in ridiculous and uncomfortable boots of Frankish origin. All this must at once disappear."

Further on the Minister of Police announces that he has the Sultan's orders to put an end to a spectacle which is declared to be "offensive in the eyes of respectable people." In consequence he has appointed a number of muffetiehs, or secret police, to keep watch in the streets and bazars. Any Turkish lady found wearing either of the articles of attire prohibited will now be followed by one of these agents, whose duty it is to obtain her name and address, whereupon the Minister of Police will notify her family that she is not to be allowed to go out in future unless she is properly dressed. In the event of her transgressing a second time, she will be compelled to pay a fine. Certainly the Turkish Minister of Police must be a curious study among government officials when, in the present war-distracted condition of his country, he finds time to issue edicts regulating a woman's toilet.

The lower engraving on the same page represents a pleasant scene that took place at Simnitza some time after the successful crossing of the Danube at that point. In the Russian army the outward relations between officers and men are always those of friendly and sometimes affectionate courtesy. Every officer, from the subaltern drilling a squadron to the general inspecting a division on parade, or the Emperor himself at a review of an army, commences with the salutation to the troops, "Your good health, my children," to which the men reply, "We wish it also." It is said that on imperial parades the shout, "We wish good health to your Imperial Majesty," sounds very grandly from the sonorous words of which, in the Russian language, it is composed.

A NEVADA SILVER MINE.

The great wealth of Nevada is in its silver mines, which are to be found in almost every section of the State. The richest deposit is the Comstock Lode, on the eastern side of Mount Davidson, in Storey County, and running partly under the towns of Virginia and Gold Hill. Its ores contain about one-third in value of gold and two-thirds in silver, and it is thought that no silver deposit in the world equals it in extent and richness. There are several mines in the space occupied by the lode, which has been opened to a depth of more than 2000 feet.

Our front-page illustration shows the interior of the "hoisting-house" in one of these mines at the hour when a change of gangs is taking place. The miners are divided into gangs or shifts, each of which works eight hours at a time, three changes being made every twenty-four hours. Before going down, and also when relieved, the members of each gang file by the controller's office and give their names.

The heat at the lowest depth reached in the Comstock Mines is very oppressive, in some of the levels rising to 127° F. The cages in which the miners descend and ascend are protected against falling stones and water by iron roofing. Nearly every nationality on the globe is represented among the miners, who form a rough and motley crowd. They earn from three to four dollars a day.

BENNINGTON.

The battle of Bennington, the hundredth anniversary of which was celebrated on the 16th inst., was one of the most important conflicts of the Revolutionary war. The victory won by the American militia over the trained soldiers of England on that memorable occasion was the first decided success that followed a long series of disasters, and its effect on the people was to raise them from despair to confidence in themselves and their cause. Burgoyne had marched down from Canada at the head of a well-appointed army, had compelled the evacuation of Fort Ticonderoga, the key to New England and New York, and was proceeding to unite his forces with those of Sir William Howe. The disaster at Bennington contributed largely to the derangement of his plans and to his subsequent defeat at Saratoga.

The delays which Burgoyne had experienced during his march had so reduced his stores and provisions that a replenishment was necessary. Informed that the Americans had a large quantity of provisions, cattle, and horses at Bennington and in the vicinity, he resolved to send a detachment of his army to capture them. Accordingly he ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Baume to proceed to Bennington at the head of 500 Hessians, Canadians, and Tories, and 100 Indians, and to carry this project into effect. He was directed to "scour the country from Rockingham to Otter Creek," to "tax the towns where they halted with such articles as they wanted," etc., "to bring all horses fit to mount the dragoons or to serve as battalion horses for the troops, with as many saddles and bridles as could be found." Burgoyne was very particular in regard to the number of horses to be brought in, fixing it at 1300 at the least. He also directed that they should be "tied in strings of ten each, in order that one man might lead ten horses."

On the very day that Baume received these instructions, General Stark arrived at Bennington and took command of the American forces. This was on the 9th of August. On the 13th, learning that a body of Indians were at Cambridge, twelve miles north of Bennington, he sent Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg with 200 men to oppose their march. Toward night he was informed of the approach of Baume's forces, of which the Indians formed the advance. He immediately prepared to meet the invaders. All his forces were collected, and an urgent call was sent out for the militia in the vicinity. On the morning of the 14th he moved with his whole force to the support of Gregg, whom he met retreating about five miles from Bennington. The enemy was about a mile behind. Stark immediately disposed his men for battle, and Baume and his force, halting upon high ground near a bend in the Walloomscoick River, began to intrench themselves. Perceiving this, Stark fell back to wait for re-enforcements. Baume, alarmed at the strength of the Americans, sent an express to Burgoyne for aid. Colonel Breyman was immediately dispatched with about 500 men, but he did not arrive in time to render essential service.

The next day was rainy, and both parties employed the time in preparing for battle. The forces under Baume were advantageously intrenched, and had mounted two pieces of ordnance. During the night of the 15th Colonel Symonds, with a body of Berkshire militia, arrived at Stark's head-quarters. Among them was the Rev. Mr. Allen, of Pittsfield, who was most eager for the fighting to begin. Before daylight, and while the rain was still pouring down in torrents, he went to Stark and said, "General, the people of Berkshire have often been summoned to the field without being allowed to fight, and if you do not now give them a chance, they will never turn out again." "Well," said Stark, "do you want to march now, while it is dark and raining?" "No, not just now," replied Allen. "Then," said the general, "if the Lord shall once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again."

The next day, Saturday, August 16, the rain ceased, the clouds broke away, and both parties prepared for action. General Stark got his little army of 1600 men early in motion, but did not begin the attack till the middle of the afternoon. Colonel Moses Nichols, a physician, commanding the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment, and Colonel Herrick, of Vermont, with 300 men each, were sent to outflank the British intrenchments and attack them in the rear, while, to divert attention, Colonels David Hobart, of the Twelfth New Hampshire, and Thomas Stickney, of the Eleventh, were to get before the advance Tory breastworks, and 100 men were to make a feint toward Baume's front. The Berkshire men formed the main body of Stark's reserve (300 men), who were to sharply join in the general attack on hearing firing in the rear of the British. Parson Allen is said to have begun the day by a prayer of inspiration, asking the God of battles to "teach their hands to war and their fingers to fight," and it is at this time that General Stark made the laconic speech to his men which popular tradition has preserved: "Boys, there are the red-coats! Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow!"

The militia-men went stealing behind Baume in their shirt sleeves, mistaken by him, it is said, for the loyalists of the region seeking the protection of his lines. Stark was nearing the Tory hill on the front, ready to open fire, when Parson Allen stepped to the front to exhort his Tory neighbors in the name of the Lord to desist from giving battle to the American forces. That they replied with bullets so incensed the man of God that he borrowed the gun of his brother, Lieutenant Joseph Allen, and fired the first return shot of the battle. The attack of the American forces in the rear of Baume's camp quickly followed, and General Stark officially says: "I pushed forward the remainder with all speed. Our people behaved with the greatest spirit and courage imaginable." The Yankee farmers stripped for the fight, and, enraged at encountering their Tory neighbors, soon made the intrenchments too hot for the loyalists, and the poor wretches, attempting to scale the steep and slippery height to the main camp, were shot down remorselessly. The Indians fled early in the battle, and the Americans advanced like veterans against the fire of the Hessians, "mounting the breastworks, that were well fortified and defended with cannon." The fight lasted two hours, and the firing "was like one continued clap of thunder." Colonel Baume was desperately wounded in attempting a gallant sally, and his men fled in dismay, leaving their artillery and baggage on the field.

Elated by their victory, the farmer-soldiers went at the rum barrels left behind by the enemy, and many of them got quite "demoralized." This nearly proved fatal. The flying British were met by the forces under Colonel Breyman, rallied, and returned to the field of battle. By great exertions General Stark collected his scattered men, and, with the timely assistance of re-enforcements, again defeated the enemy. The second fight lasted till after dark. Seven hundred of the enemy, including the wounded Colonel Baume, were taken prisoners. "Another hour of daylight," said General Stark, in his official report, "and I would have captured the whole body." Besides the prisoners, four pieces of brass cannon, two hundred and fifty dragoon swords, several hundred stand of arms, and four ammunition wagons were secured. Two hundred and seven of the enemy were killed. The American loss was about one hundred killed and as many wounded.

This important victory was hailed with exultation all over the land. It was another evidence of the prowess of the American militia when led by a good commander. It also crippled the army of Burgoyne, and taught the Tories a severe lesson. General Stark, who had been guilty of technical insubordination in refusing to obey an order to take his troops into New Hampshire shortly before the battle, received the thanks of Congress for his gallant conduct, and was appointed a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States.

The hundredth anniversary of this important battle, to which our illustrations on page 660 refer, is the fitting occasion for the enthusiastic celebration at Bennington. Although, in comparison with the great battles of modern times, in which often a hundred thousand men are engaged on each side, it was an insignificant affair, its importance must be measured by its far-reaching results. From this point of view it will always hold a high place in the history of the American struggle for independence.

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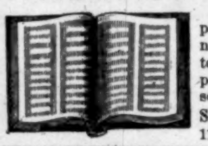

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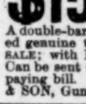

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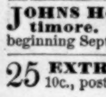

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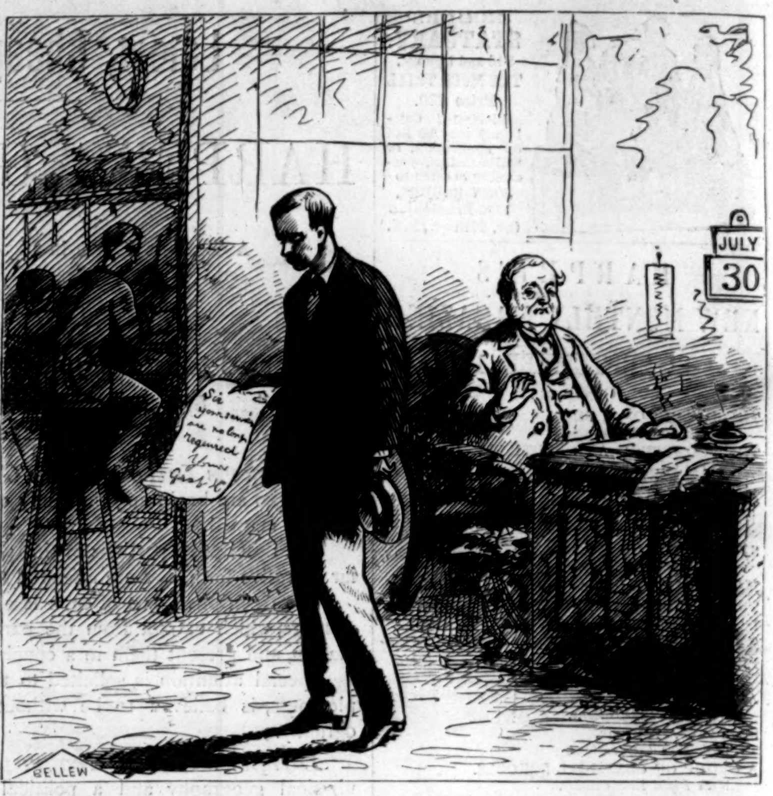

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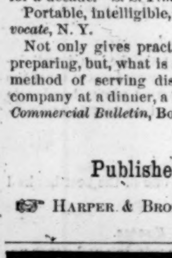

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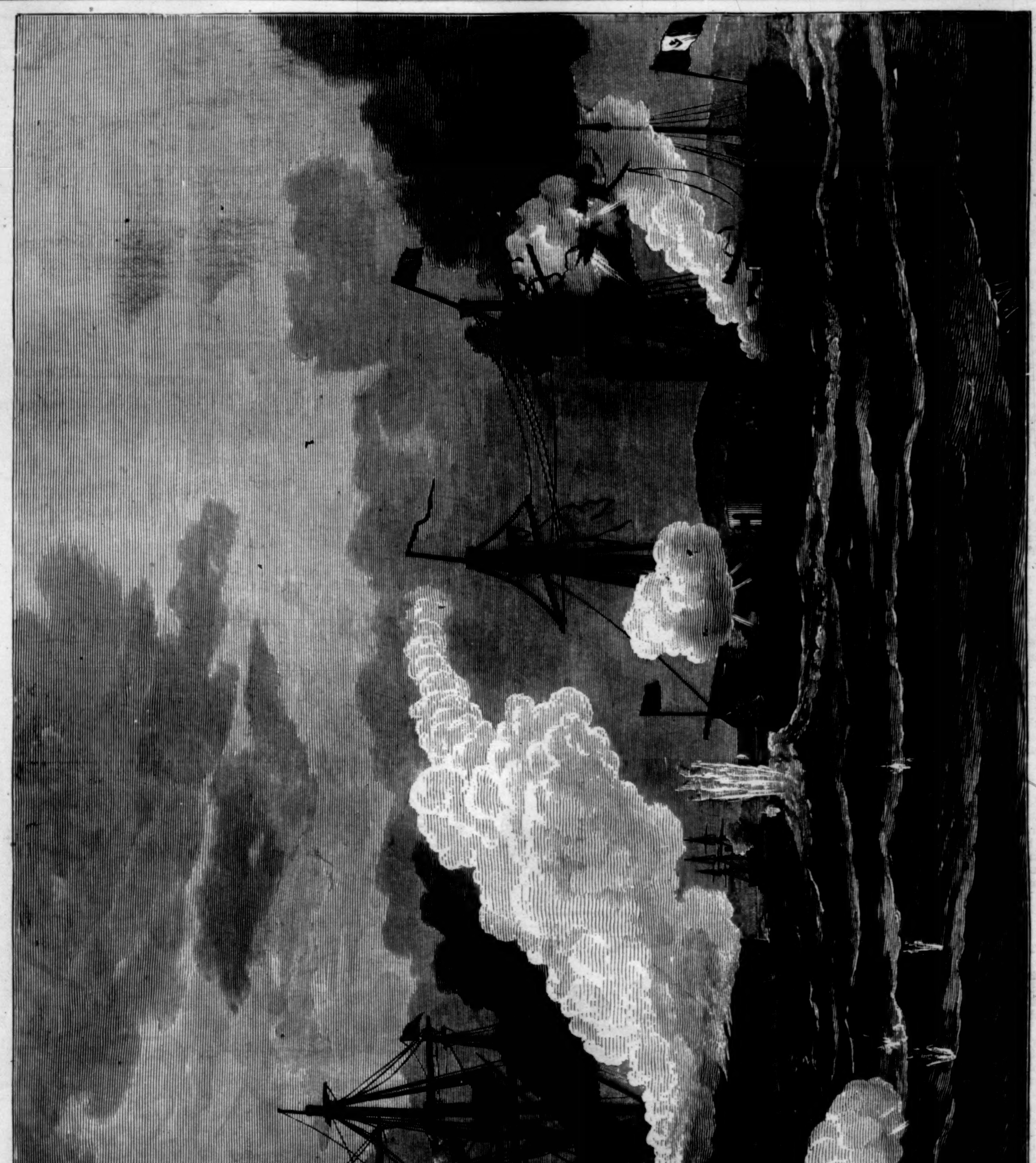

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Meanwhile the ship in command of the rebels sailed quietly to Cobija, in Bolivia, where PIEROLA was taken on board. Having secured their leader, the *Huascar* was put about, and approached the southern forts of the Peruvian coast near Iquique. The small town of Pisagua was bombarded. On hearing of this event, the Peruvian squadron, consisting of the broadside iron-clad *Independencia*, the corvette *Union*, and the gun-boat *Pilcomayo*, proceeded at once to that point. A battle that lasted an hour and a half ensued, but the damage was trifling. A shot had pierced the funnel of the *Independencia*, and the *Huascar* had hauled out of action and proceeded northward, having become disabled by a shell jamming in the muzzle of one of her guns. But for this accident the rebel turret ship would have effectually disabled the squadron.

While these manœuvres were being executed, news reached Rear-Admiral DE HORSEY, the commander-in-chief of the British squadron on the Pacific station, that two of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamers had been fired at, stopped, and passengers removed, and also that the rebel ram had replenished her bunkers with sixty-nine tons of coal forcibly taken from an English merchantman. On receiving this information, the admiral thought it time to interfere, especially as the Peruvian government disclaimed responsibility for the predacious acts of the *Huascar*. After a consultation with the English chargé d'affaires at Lima, Admiral DE HORSEY, in his flag-ship, the *Shah*, an unarmored wooden corvette, accompanied by the *Amethyst*, started in pursuit of the *Huascar*.

About noon on May 29 the English ships overtook the rebel iron-clad off the sea-port town of Ylo, where the chief supporters of PIEROLA were understood to be awaiting him. On sighting the enemy, the *Huascar* stood out for sea, but finding that she would be intercepted, abandoned her

purpose and turned toward land. The English ships also altered their course to suit the movements of the rebel, and at 2.15 they had closed in upon her. When about a third of a mile distant the *Shah* fired a blank shot to bring the *Huascar* to, and the summons had the desired effect. After this a boat was lowered from the former vessel, and Lieutenant RAINIER was dispatched to the rebels with a demand which was in substance as follows:

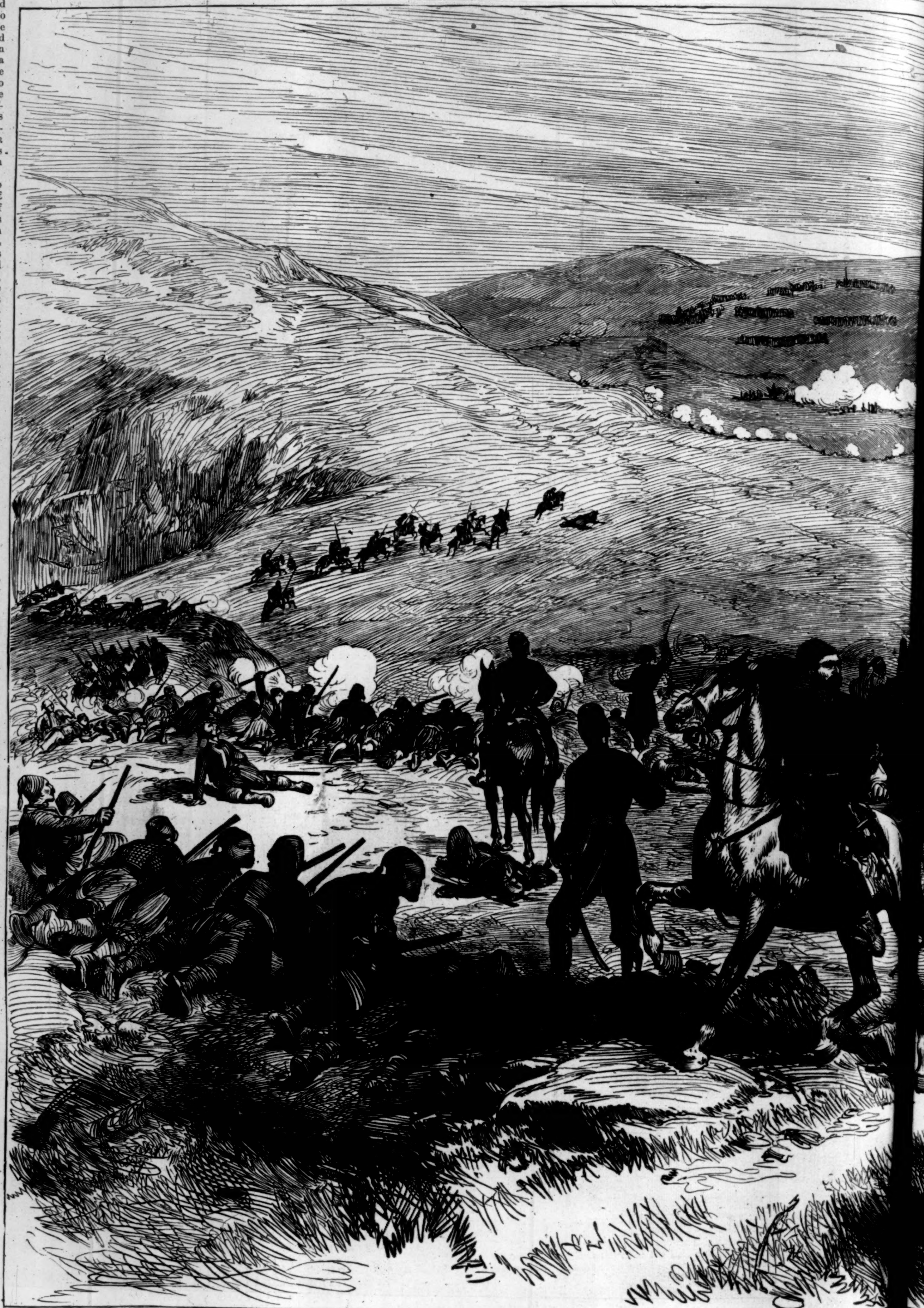
The surrender of the ship in the name of the Queen of England, in consequence of illegal acts and depredations committed against British property. Should they surrender peacefully, their lives would be secure, and personal property would be respected, and the admiral would cause them to be landed at any port they might desire within a reasonable distance. In doing this the admiral was acting entirely in behalf of British interests, and repudiated any complicity or party feeling with the existing Peruvian government. In the event of resistance to the demands, PIEROLA and his followers must take the consequences.

The reply to this was that the admiral had been misinformed, that the President of Peru (PIEROLA applying the title to himself) was on board, and that should the British ships fire on the *Huascar*, England would be making war against Peru, and that for these reasons he refused to comply, and would resist to the last. PIEROLA accompanied his refusal to surrender with the request that the admiral would not take advantage of the *Huascar's* position, he having shortened the distance and stopped to communicate. The English admiral, he added, must do his worst.

The *Shah* hoisted in her boat, resumed way, and gave PIEROLA five minutes to consider and haul down his flag. At the end of this time a blank charge was fired, and then a shotted gun across the *Huascar's* bows. The flag remained flying, and at six minutes past three in the afternoon the battle commenced in earnest. To the fire from the British vessels the *Huascar* replied with shell from her turret guns, and immediately steered full speed toward Ylo. Her continued manœuvring to and fro in front of the town frequently obliged the *Shah* to stop firing in order to avoid the destruction of property. The intention of the *Huascar* was evidently to draw the British ships after her, her draught of water being only fourteen feet and that of the *Shah* twenty-seven feet, while the navigation was rendered highly dangerous by the rocks and shoals at the entrance of the bay. The range of the *Shah's* guns was principally from 1500 to 2500 yards; but at this distance her two 9-inch guns were able to penetrate her hull at the extremities. The 6-pound shell guns and those of the *Amethyst* were only available for clearing the upper deck, destroying boats and upper works, which they did most effectually. Owing to the size and weight of the *Shah*, and the confined space in which she was obliged to manœuvre, it was difficult for her to steam up close enough to deliver a steady or effective fire from her larger guns.

About five o'clock the *Huascar* changed her position, so as to be clear of the shoals, and the *Shah* seized the opportunity to close. The rebel vessel showed a willingness to suit the movement, and steamed toward the British ship with manifest intention to run her down, firing, as she advanced, a single shell from her 40-pound gun. A Gatling gun was then fired from the foretop of the *Shah*, and the men on the *Huascar's* upper deck quarters were observed to desert their guns. The port guns of the *Shah* also commenced "independent firing." A Whitehead was also laid for the iron-clad, but as the *Huascar* at that instant altered her course, turning stern on, the torpedo failed to reach her. The *Huascar* was going certainly eleven knots, and the torpedo, having only a speed of nine knots, could not overtake the vessel; the torpedo's track was observed going direct about half the distance toward her. The *Huascar* then steamed full speed close in under the town, and, darkness coming on, the English ships ceased firing, at a quarter to six, and steamed out of range. Neither the *Shah* nor the *Amethyst* was hulled by the *Huascar's* shot during the action, though the shooting was good and well directed. Almost all the shot struck the water close alongside, and ricochetted, doing minor damage to the ropes aloft.

At 9 o'clock P.M. another attempt was made to blow up the iron-clad. A steam-pinnace with outrigger torpedo, and whaler with Whitehead torpedo, were sent into Ylo Bay in charge of Lieutenant LINDSAY. On arriving off the town, they, however, discovered that the *Huascar* had slipped away under cover of the high land, the night being misty and extremely dark. The boats returned early in the morning with the information of the vessel's flight, and the British ships, under the impression that the *Huascar* would stand toward Quilca, there to land PIEROLA, steamed north, the *Amethyst* being sent forward to Islay to gain intelligence. In the evening the latter ship was seen returning, and the officers of the *Shah* learned that the *Huascar* had gone southward toward Iquique. The English ship immediately followed in her track, arriving at Iquique, and intending, under cover of the night, again to attempt the destruction of the iron-clad by means of torpedoes. The steam-pinnace was hoisted out, and the cutter and whaler prepared to accompany her, but a passing ... that the *Huascar* ... to the Peruvian ... mained off Iquique ... ored under salute ... The *Huascar* was ... the Peruvian ... were prisoners, ... This is the third ... overthrow the ... venture being ...



THE WAR IN THE E[AST—T]HE BA[...]

[TH]E BATTLE OF TAGHIR.

passing ... [H]uascar ... [Per]uvian s... Iquiq[ue] ... [thei]r salut[e] ... [Hu]ascar was ... [Peruv]ian ve[ssels] ... [prison]ers, a... the third ... the g... [b]eing a...

[...]informed the admiral [...]ndered that morning [...] The English ships re[...]ght, when they anch[...] Peruvian squadron. [...]nchor, surrounded by [...]OLA and his officers [...]lution was at an end. [...]OLA has attempted to [...] and failed; his last [...]n the *Talisman*—an English vessel, the seizure of which gave rise to a difference between England and Peru.

The gunnery lieutenant and a lieutenant of the Royal Marine Artillery were sent on board the rebel ship to investigate the damage done during the engagement. The *Huascar* is an iron-clad turret vessel, built by LAIRD, of Birkenhead. The plating on the hull is 4½-inch iron, tapering to 2½-inch at bow and stern, with 14-inch teak backing, and inner skin of ⅝-inch iron; the turret, 5½-inch plating, with 14-inch backing and ⅝-inch inner skin. The turret mounts two 300-pounder Armstrong M.L.R. guns, throwing segment and common shell and chilled shot, and a steel battering shot (the two former, being fitted with percussion fusees, were used during the action); 40-pounder on each side of the quarter-deck, one 12-pounder aft under the poop—all Armstrong M.L.R. As near as could be judged, from seventy to eighty projectiles must have struck the vessel, principally about the upper deck, funnel casing, bridge, masts, and boats, with numbers of pieces of shell sticking into the wood-work. One 9-inch common shell struck the hull, the starboard side, about two feet from the water-line and fifty feet from the stern, in the foremost ward-room cabin, bursting in the backing. The head, splintered in all directions, wounded one man; the base continued its course, killing the sentry, and, going through the casing in an opposite cabin, brought up against the inner skin. The plating at this spot was three and a half inches, same backing and skin. One bulwark each side was blown away; two 64-pounder shells had penetrated the bulwarks, and left indentations in the plating; one heavy shot, evidently a ricochet, hit upper edge of plating, starboard side, scoring it to a depth of three inches, after going through the bulwark; another hit the plating two feet from water-line at an angle, making a dent of two inches in depth and eighteen inches in length. On the port side there was a similar shot to the ricochet. The hull itself showed that several 64-pounder shells had struck it, only leaving a mark; one shot struck the poop on port quarter and went out on starboard side, splintering on an iron beam. The funnel casing and funnel had been struck about twelve times by shot and pierced by the Gatling gun. The turret had only been struck once by a 7-inch projectile, hitting direct, and penetrating three inches. The port fore rigging was shot away, and every boat destroyed.

The illustration on the first page of our Supplement represents the moment when the *Huascar* attempted to ram the *Shah*, and had run on within 400 yards of her. The iron-clad could not stand the fire of the *Shah's* guns, and therefore suddenly turned about and ran in to the shore. The British ships came out of the fight luckily, for a single shot from the 300-pound Armstrong guns in the *Huascar's* turret would have done fearful execution to the wooden vessels, and either must have gone quickly to the bottom had the prow of the iron-clad struck her with full force.

THE BATTLE OF TAGHIR.

THE accompanying engraving represents one of the series of bloody battles that have marked the advance of the Russian forces into Armenia. On the morning of the 13th of June the Russian army, which had been encamped for some time at Zeidekan, on the Alashgerd plain, began its march toward Delibaba, a town some thirty miles to the northwest. Instead of marching, as the Turks expected, toward the well-fortified pass over the mountains, through which a road runs to Delibaba, the Russians marched toward the village of Taghir, situated on the mountain-side some five miles to the northward of the pass. The Turkish commander, upon being informed of the direction the Russians had taken, at once occupied the heights of Taghir.

Here there was a slight engagement between the two armies at mid-day. After manœuvring until they had obtained possession of some hills opposite those occupied by the Turks, the Russians late in the afternoon returned to Zeidekan, leaving, however, a band of Cossacks behind to guard the position which they had won with considerable loss of life. In the evening the Turks retreated to Taghir, and there encamped for the night. Both armies were astir early the following morning, the Russians moving out of Zeidekan at six o'clock.

It had been the intention of the Turks, upon occupying Taghir the night before, to throw up intrenchments there and await the coming of the Russians. But bolder counsels prevailed during the night, and accordingly, at half past six in the morning six battalions of infantry and all the companies of field artillery marched toward Zeidekan. A reserve force of two battalions only was left at Taghir. By noon the Turks had regained the heights they abandoned the night before. These heights are about six miles from Taghir. The Russians also re-occupied the heights they had captured the previous day. No attack was made by either army, however, during the day, and at night both armies, instead of returning to their quarters of the night before, encamped where they stood. During the darkness some skirmishing took place between the outposts of the op-